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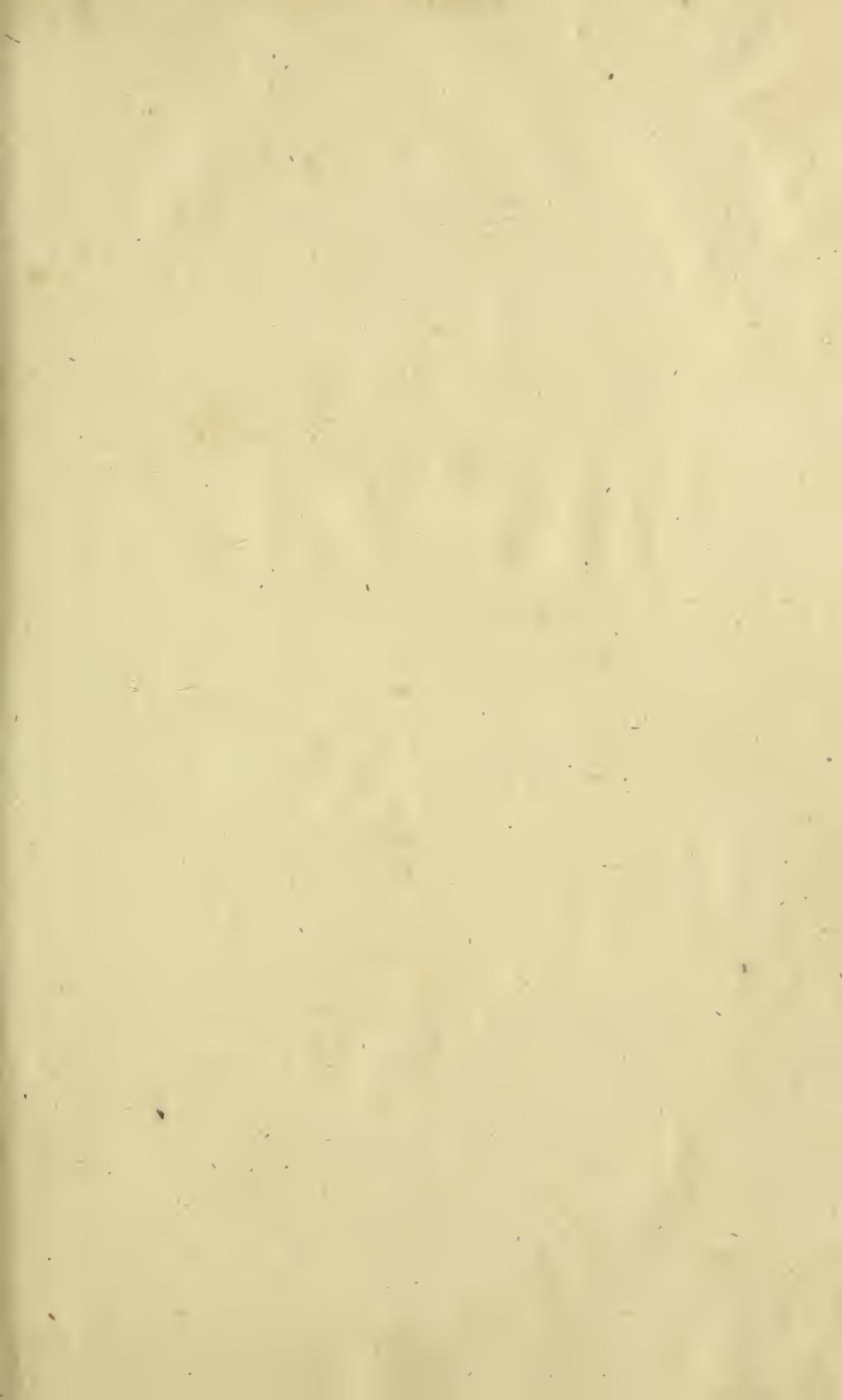
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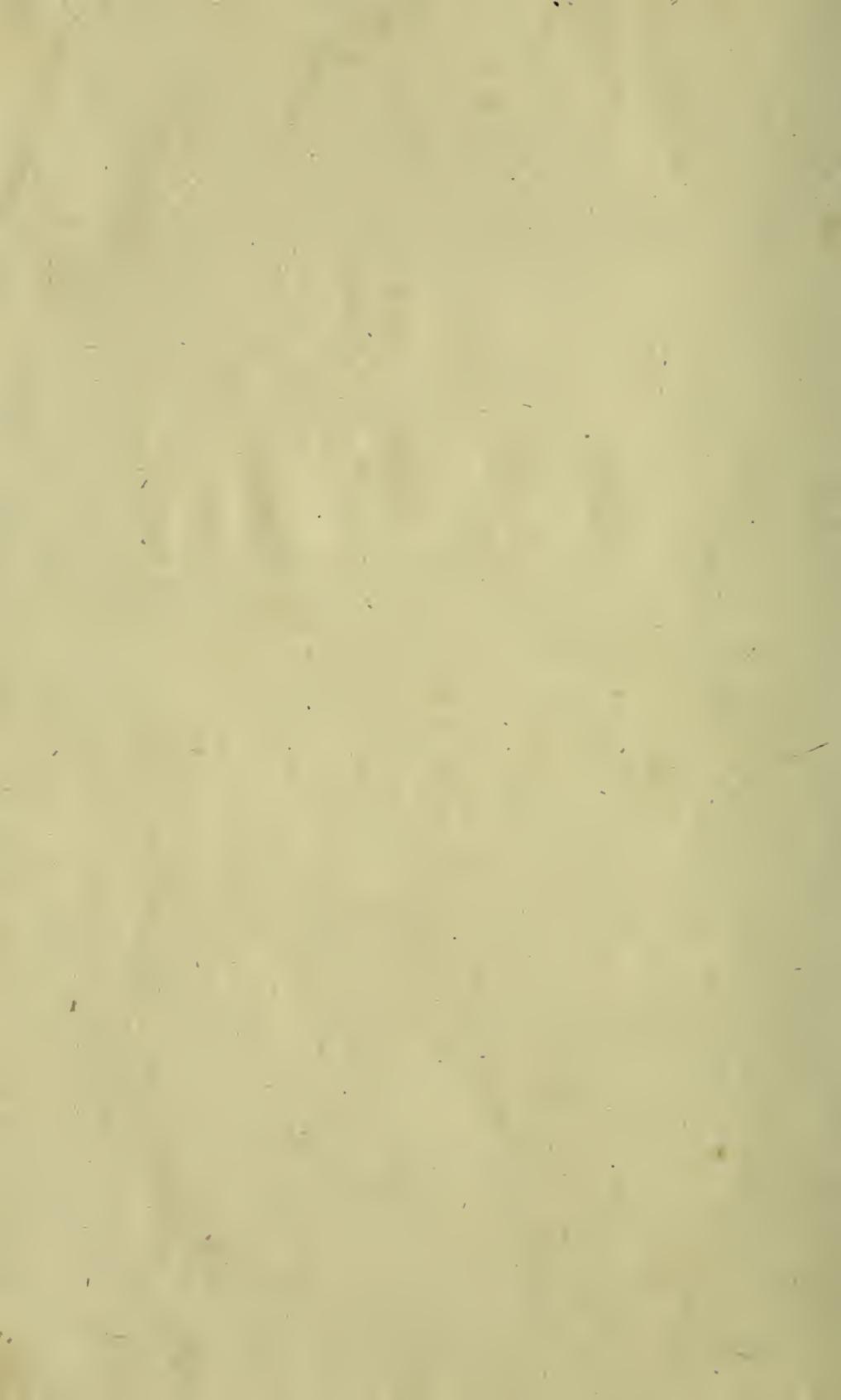
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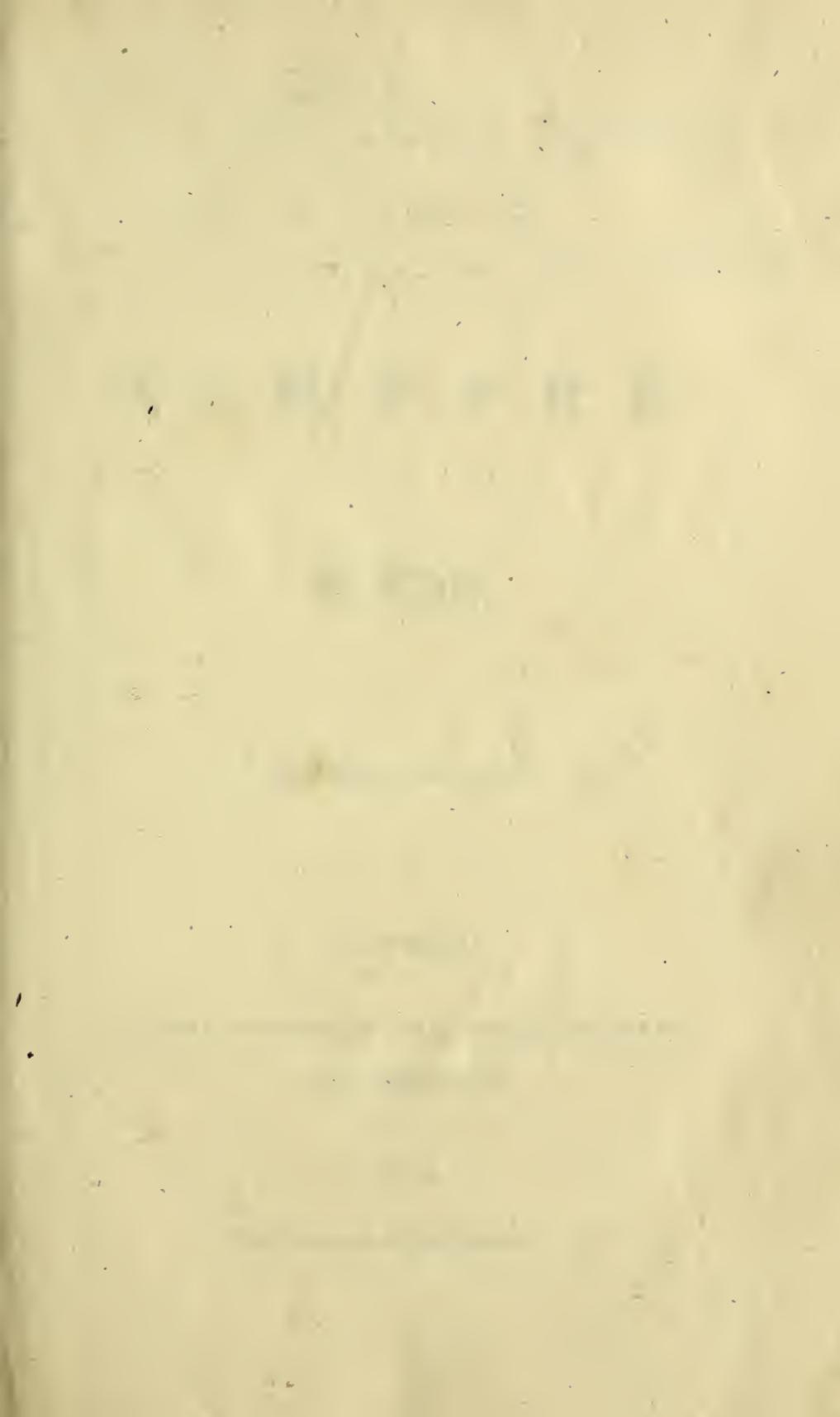
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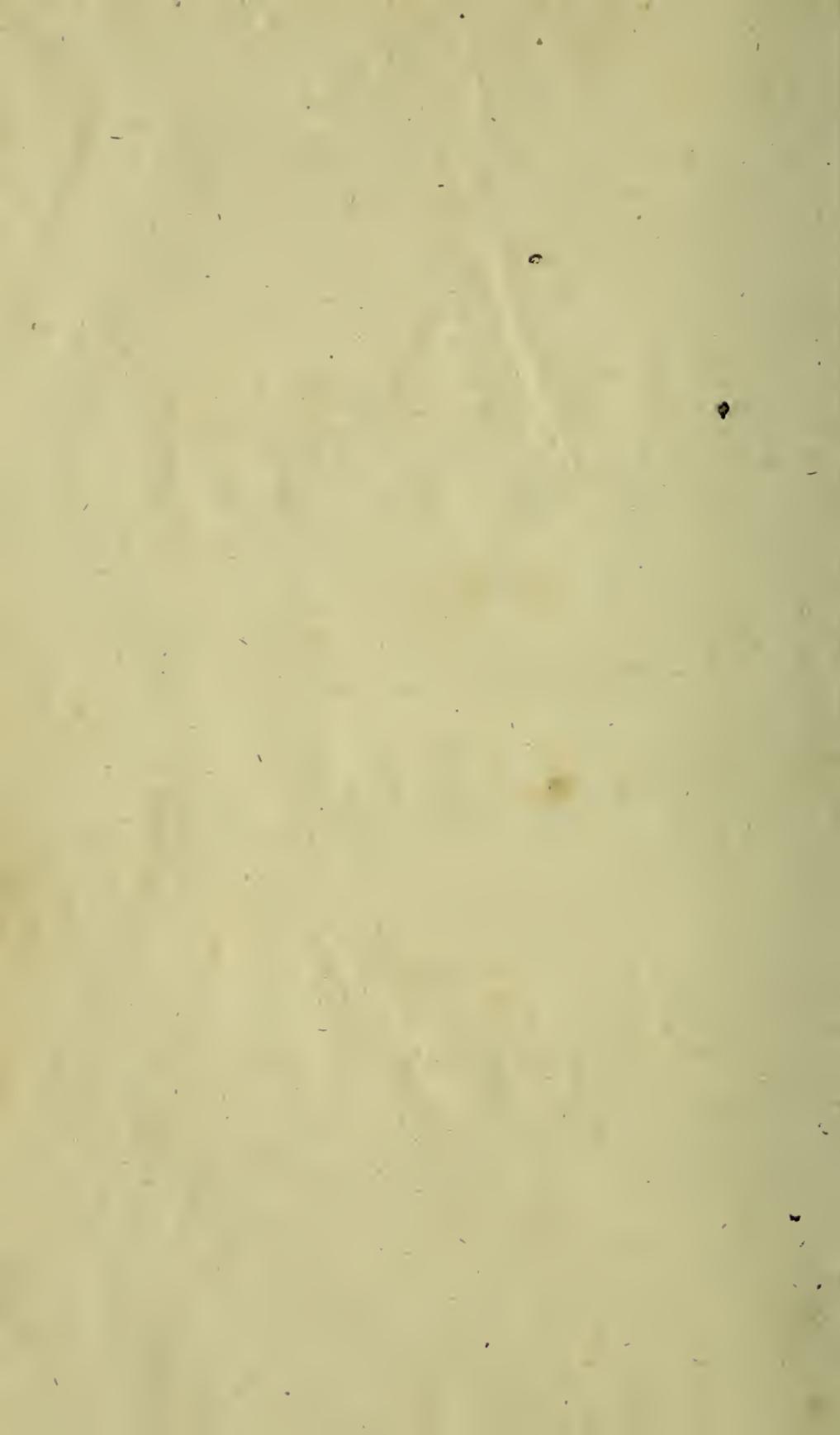
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V A M P Y R E;

A Tale.

Polidori.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1819.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall, March 27, 1819.]

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EXTRACT

OF A

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

1/1/36 Lebering & Chatto England



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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM GENEVA.

“ I breathe freely in the neighbourhood of this lake ; the ground upon which I tread has been subdued from the earliest ages ; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to my recollection scenes, in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau—here is a house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney, the residence of Voltaire ; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible, character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of

pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's abode, and, a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman Madame de Staél: perhaps the first of her sex, who has really proved its often claimed equality with the nobler man. We have before had women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never since the days of Heloise have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex have not been backward in alledging the existence of an Abelard in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her works. But to proceed: upon the same side of the lake, Gibbon, Bonnivard, Bradshaw, and others mark, as it were, the stages for our progress; whilst upon the other side there is one house, built by Diodati, the friend of Milton, which has contained within its walls,

for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who—if human passions remain the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before---will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English Poets. You must have heard, or the Third Canto of Childe Harold will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago, after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakespeare's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant seat. I found a servant there who had lived with him ; she, however, gave me but little information. She pointed out his bed-chamber upon the same level as the saloon and dining-room, and informed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two,

and employed himself a long time over his toilette ; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food. He apparently spent some part of every day upon the lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the lake and the mountain Jura ; and I imagine, that it must have been hence he contemplated the storm so magnificently described in the Third Canto ; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

The sky is changed !—and such a change ; Oh, night !
And storm and darkness, ye are wond'rous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !
Thou wer't not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy far and fierce delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of me !

How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth,

Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his way between
Heights which appear, as lovers who have parted
In haste, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, tho' broken hearted ;
Tho' in their souls which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winter—war within themselves to wage.

I went down to the little port, if I may use the expression, wherein his vessel used to lay, and conversed with the cottager, who had the care of it. You may smile, but I have my pleasure in thus helping my personification of

the individual I admire, by attaining to the knowledge of those circumstances which were daily around him. I have made numerous enquiries in the town concerning him, but can learn nothing. He only went into society there once, when M. Pictet took him to the house of a lady to spend the evening. They say he is a very singular man, and seem to think him very uncivil. Amongst other things they relate, that having invited M. Pictet and Bonstetten to dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving a gentleman who travelled with him to receive them and make his apologies. Another evening, being invited to the house of Lady D----- H-----, he promised to attend, but upon approaching the windows of her ladyship's villa, and perceiving the room to be full of company, he set down his friend, desiring him to plead his excuse, and immediately returned home. This will serve as a contradiction to the report which you tell me is current in England, of his having

been avoided by his countrymen on the continent. The case happens to be directly the reverse, as he has been generally sought by them, though on most occasions, apparently without success. It is said, indeed, that upon paying his first visit at Coppet, following the servant who had announced his name, he was surprised to meet a lady carried out fainting; but before he had been seated many minutes, the same lady, who had been so affected at the sound of his name, returned and conversed with him a considerable time---such is female curiosity and affectation! He visited Coppet frequently, and of course associated there with several of his countrymen, who evinced no reluctance to meet him whom his enemies alone would represent as an outcast.

Though I have been so unsuccessful in this town, I have been more fortunate in my enquiries elsewhere. There is a society three or four miles from Geneva, the centre of which is the Countess of Breuss, a Russian lady,

well acquainted with the *agrémens de la Société*, and who has collected them round herself at her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find, that the gentleman who travelled with Lord Byron, as physician, sought for society. He used almost every day to cross the lake by himself, in one of their flat-bottomed boats, and return after passing the evening with his friends, about eleven or twelve at night, often whilst the storms were raging in the circling summits of the mountains around. As he became intimate, from long acquaintance, with several of the families in this neighbourhood, I have gathered from their accounts some excellent traits of his lordship's character, which I will relate to you at some future opportunity.

Among other particulars mentioned, was the outline of a ghost story by Lord Byron. It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr. P. B. Shelly, two ladies and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work, entitled *Phantasmagoriana*, began

relating ghost stories ; when his lordship having recited the beginning of Christabel, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelly's mind, that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived) he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression. It was afterwards proposed, in the course of conversation, that each of the company present should write a tale depending upon some supernatural agency, which was undertaken by Lord B., the physician, and one of the ladies before mentioned. I obtained the outline of each of these stories as a great favour, and herewith forward them

xvi *Extract of a Letter from Geneva.*

to you, as I was assured you would feel as much curiosity as myself, to peruse the ebau- ~~sketches~~ of so great a genius, and those immediately under his influence."

THE VAMPYRE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE superstition upon which this tale is founded is very general in the East. Among the Arabians it appears to be common: it did not, however, extend itself to the Greeks until after the establishment of Christianity; and it has only assumed its present form since the division of the Latin and Greek churches; at which time, the idea becoming prevalent, that a Latin body could not corrupt if buried in their territory, it gradually increased, and formed the subject of many wonderful stories, still extant, of the dead rising from their graves, and feeding upon the blood of the young and beautiful. In the West it spread, with some slight variation, all over Hungary, Poland, Austria, and Lorraine, where the

belief existed, that vampyres nightly imbibed a certain portion of the blood of their victims, who became emaciated, lost their strength, and speedily died of consumptions ; whilst these human blood-suckers fattened --- and their veins became distended to such a state of repletion, as to cause the blood to flow from all the passages of their bodies, and even from the very pores of their skins.

In the London Journal, of March, 1732, is a curious, and, of course, *credible* account of a particular case of vampyrism, which is stated to have occurred at Madreyga, in Hungary. It appears, that upon an examination of the commander-in-chief and magistrates of the place, they positively and unanimously affirmed, that, about five years before, a certain Heyduke, named Arnold Paul, had been heard to say, that, at Cassovia, on the frontiers of the Turkish Servia, he had been tormented by a vampyre, but had found a way to rid himself of the evil; by eating some of the earth out of the vampyre's grave, and rubbing himself with his blood. This precaution,

however, did not prevent him from becoming a vampyre * himself; for, about twenty or thirty days after his death and burial, many persons complained of having been tormented by him, and a deposition was made, that four persons had been deprived of life by his attacks. To prevent further mischief, the inhabitants having consulted their Hadagni,† took up the body, and found it (as is supposed to be usual in cases of vampyrism) fresh, and entirely free from corruption, and emitting at the mouth, nose, and ears, pure and florid blood. Proof having been thus obtained, they resorted to the accustomed remedy. A stake was driven entirely through the heart and body of Arnold Paul, at which he is reported to have cried out as dreadfully as if he had been alive. This done, they cut off his head, burned his body, and threw the ashes into his grave. The same measures were adopted with the

* The universal belief is, that a person sucked by a vampyre becomes a vampyre himself, and sucks in his turn.

† Chief bailiff.

corses of those persons who had previously died from vampyrism, lest they should, in their turn, become agents upon others who survived them.

This monstrous rodomontade is here related, because it seems better adapted to illustrate the subject of the present observations than any other instance which could be adduced. In many parts of Greece it is considered as a sort of punishment after death, for some heinous crime committed whilst in existence, that the deceased is not only doomed to vampyris, but compelled to confine his infernal visitations solely to those beings he loved most while upon earth—those to whom he was bound by ties of kindred and affection.

---A supposition alluded to in the “Giaour.”

But first on earth, as Vampyre sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent ;
Then ghastly haunt the native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race ;
There from thy *daughter, sister, wife,*
At midnight drain the stream of life ;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse,

Thy victims, ere they yet expire,
Shall know the demon for their sire ;
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
But one that for *thy crime* must fall,
The youngest, best beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father's name*—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame !

Yet thou must end thy task and mark
Her cheek's last tinge—her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue ;
Then with unhallowed hand shall tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which, in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn—
But now is borne away by thee
Memorial of thine agony !

Yet with thine own best blood shall drip ;
Thy gnashing tooth, and haggard lip ;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave,
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they.

Mr. Southey has also introduced in his wild but beautiful poem of "Thalaba," the vampire corse of the Arabian maid Oneiza, who

is represented as having returned from the grave for the purpose of tormenting him she best loved whilst in existence. But this cannot be supposed to have resulted from the sinfulness of her life, she being pourtrayed throughout the whole of the tale as a complete type of purity and innocence. The veracious Tournefort gives a long account in his travels of several astonishing cases of vampyrism, to which he pretends to have been an eye-witness ; and Calmet, in his great work upon this subject, besides a variety of anecdotes, and traditionary narratives illustrative of its effects, has put forth some learned dissertations, tending to prove it to be a classical, as well as barbarian error.

Many curious and interesting notices on this singularly horrible superstition might be added ; though the present may suffice for the limits of a note, necessarily devoted to explanation, and which may now be concluded by merely remarking, that though the term Vampyre is the one in most general acceptation,

there are several others synonymous with it, made use of in various parts of the world: as Vroucolocha, Vardoulacha, Goul, Broucoloka, &c.

THE VAMPYRE.

IT happened that in the midst of the dissipations attendant upon a London winter, there appeared at the various parties of the leaders of the *ton* a nobleman, more remarkable for his singularities, than his rank. He gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein. Apparently, the light laughter of the fair only attracted his attention, that he might by a look quell it, and throw fear into those breasts where thoughtlessness reigned. Those who felt this sensation of awe, could not explain whence it arose : some attributed it to the dead grey eye, which, fix-

ing upon the object's face, did not seem to penetrate, and at one glance to pierce through to the inward workings of the heart ; but fell upon the cheek with a leaden ray that weighed upon the skin it could not pass. His peculiarities caused him to be invited to every house ; all wished to see him, and those who had been accustomed to violent excitement, and now felt the weight of *ennui*, were pleased at having something in their presence capable of engaging their attention. In spite of the deadly hue of his face, which never gained a warmer tint, either from the blush of modesty, or from the strong emotion of passion, though its form and outline were beautiful, many of the female hunters after notoriety attempted to win his attentions, and gain, at least, some marks of what they might term affection : Lady Mercer, who had been the mockery of every monster shewn in drawing-rooms since her marriage, threw herself in his way, and did all but put on the dress of a mountebank, to attract his notice : --- though in vain : --- when she stood before him, though his eyes were ap-

parently fixed upon her's, still it seemed as if they were unperceived ;---even her unappalled impudence was baffled, and she left the field. But though the common adulteress could not influence even the guidance of his eyes, it was not that the female sex was indifferent to him : yet such was the apparent caution with which he spoke to the virtuous wife and innocent daughter, that few knew he ever addressed himself to females. He had, however, the reputation of a winning tongue ; and whether it was that it even overcame the dread of his singular character, or that they were moved by his apparent hatred of vice, he was as often among those females who form the boast of their sex from their domestic virtues, as among those who sully it by their vices.

About the same time, there came to London a young gentleman of the name of Aubrey : *sweet Thib* he was an orphan left with an only sister in the possession of great wealth, by parents who died while he was yet in childhood. Left also to himself by guardians, who thought it their duty merely to take care of his fortune,

while they relinquished the more important charge of his mind to the care of mercenary subalterns, he cultivated more his imagination than his judgment. He had, hence, that high romantic feeling of honour and candour, which daily ruins so many milliners' apprentices. He believed all to sympathise with virtue, and thought that vice was thrown in by Providence merely for the picturesque effect of the scene, as we see in romances : he thought that the misery of a cottage merely consisted in the vesting of clothes, which were as warm, but which were better adapted to the painter's eye by their irregular folds and various coloured patches. He thought, in fine, that the dreams of poets were the realities of life. He was handsome, frank, and rich : for these reasons, upon his entering into the gay circles, many mothers surrounded him, striving which should describe with least truth their languishing or romping favourites : the daughters at the same time, by their brightening countenances when he approached, and by their sparkling eyes, when he opened his lips, soon led him into false notions of his

talents and his merit. Attached as he was to the romance of his solitary hours, he was startled at finding, that, except in the tallow and wax candles that flickered, not from the presence of a ghost, but from want of snuffing, there was no foundation in real life for any of that congeries of pleasing pictures and descriptions contained in those volumes, from which he had formed his study. Finding, however, some compensation in his gratified vanity, he was about to relinquish his dreams, when the extraordinary being we have above described, crossed him in his career.

He watched him ; and the very impossibility of forming an idea of the character of a man entirely absorbed in himself, who gave few other signs of his observation of external objects, than the tacit assent to their existence, implied by the avoidance of their contact ; allowing his imagination to picture every thing that flattered its propensity to extravagant ideas, he soon formed this object into the hero of a romance, and determined to observe the offspring of his fancy, rather than the person

before him. He became acquainted with him, paid him attentions, and so far advanced upon his notice, that his presence was always recognised. He gradually learnt that Lord Ruthven's affairs were embarrassed, and soon found, from the notes of preparation in —— Street, that he was about to travel. Desirous of gaining some information respecting this singular character, who, till now, had only whetted his curiosity, he hinted to his guardians, that it was time for him to perform the tour, which for many generations has been thought necessary to enable the young to take some rapid steps in the career of vice towards putting themselves upon an equality with the aged, and not allowing them to appear as if fallen from the skies, whenever scandalous intrigues are mentioned as the subjects of pleasantry or of praise, according to the degree of skill shewn in carrying them on. They consented: and Aubrey immediately mentioning his intentions to Lord Ruthven, was surprised to receive from him a proposal to join him. Flattered by such a mark of

esteem from him, who, apparently, had nothing in common with other men, he gladly accepted it, and in a few days they had passed the circling waters.

Hitherto, Aubrey had had no opportunity of studying Lord Ruthven's character, and now he found, that, though many more of his actions were exposed to his view, the results offered different conclusions from the apparent motives to his conduct. His companion was profuse in his liberality ;---the idle, the vagabond, and the beggar, received from his hand more than enough to relieve their immediate wants. But Aubrey could not avoid remarking, that it was not upon the virtuous, reduced to indigence by the misfortunes attendant even upon virtue, that he bestowed his alms ;---these were sent from the door with hardly suppressed sneers ; but when the profligate came to ask something, not to relieve his wants, but to allow him to wallow in his lust, or to sink him still deeper in his iniquity, he was sent away with rich charity. This was, however, attributed by him to the greater importunity of

the vicious, which generally prevails over the retiring bashfulness of the virtuous indigent. There was one circumstance about the charity of his Lordship, which was still more impressed upon his mind : all those upon whom it was bestowed, inevitably found that there was a curse upon it, for they were all either led to the scaffold, or sunk to the lowest and the most abject misery. At Brussels and other towns through which they passed, Aubrey was surprized at the apparent eagerness with which his companion sought for the centres of all fashionable vice ; there he entered into all the spirit of the faro table : he betted, and always gambled with success, except where the known sharper was his antagonist, and then he lost even more than he gained ; but it was always with the same unchanging face, with which he generally watched the society around : it was not, however, so when he encountered the rash youthful novice, or the luckless father of a numerous family ; then his very wish seemed fortune's law---this apparent abstractedness of mind was laid aside, and his

eyes sparkled with more fire than that of the cat whilst dallying with the half-dead mouse. In every town, he left the formerly affluent youth, torn from the circle he adorned, cursing, in the solitude of a dungeon, the fate that had drawn him within the reach of this fiend ; whilst many a father sat frantic, amidst the speaking looks of mute hungry children, without a single farthing of his late immense wealth, wherewith to buy even sufficient to satisfy their present craving. Yet he took no money from the gambling table ; but immediately lost, to the ruiner of many, the last gilder he had just snatched from the convulsive grasp of the innocent : this might but be the result of a certain degree of knowledge, which was not, however, capable of combating the cunning of the more experienced. Aubrey often wished to represent this to his friend, and beg him to resign that charity and pleasure which proved the ruin of all, and did not tend to his own profit ;---but he delayed it---for each day he hoped his friend would give him some opportunity of speaking frankly and openly

to him ; however, this never occurred. Lord Ruthven in his carriage, and amidst the various wild and rich scenes of nature, was always the same : his eye spoke less than his lip ; and though Aubrey was near the object of his curiosity, he obtained no greater gratification from it than the constant excitement of vainly wishing to break that mystery, which to his exalted imagination began to assume the appearance of something supernatural.

They soon arrived at Rome, and Aubrey for a time lost sight of his companion ; he left him in daily attendance upon the morning circle of an Italian countess, whilst he went in search of the memorials of another almost deserted city. Whilst he was thus engaged, letters arrived from England, which he opened with eager impatience ; the first was from his sister, breathing nothing but affection ; the others were from his guardians, the latter astonished him ; if it had before entered into his imagination that there was an evil power resident in his companion, these seemed to give him almost sufficient reason for the belief. His

guardians insisted upon his immediately leaving his friend, and urged, that his character was dreadfully vicious, for that the possession of irresistible powers of seduction, rendered his licentious habits more dangerous to society. It had been discovered, that his contempt for the adulteress had not originated in hatred of her character ; but that he had required, to enhance his gratification, that his victim, the partner of his guilt, should be hurled from the pinnacle of unsullied virtue, down to the lowest abyss of infamy and degradation : in fine, that all those females whom he had sought, apparently on account of their virtue, had, since his departure, thrown even the mask aside, and had not scrupled to expose the whole deformity of their vices to the public gaze.

Aubrey determined upon leaving one, whose character had not yet shown a single bright point on which to rest the eye. He resolved to invent some plausible pretext for abandoning him altogether, purposing, in the mean while, to watch him more closely, and to

let no slight circumstances pass by unnoticed. He entered into the same circle, and soon perceived, that his Lordship was endeavouring to work upon the inexperience of the daughter of the lady whose house he chiefly frequented. In Italy, it is seldom that an unmarried female is met with in society ; he was therefore obliged to carry on his plans in secret ; but Aubrey's eye followed him in all his windings, and soon discovered that an assignation had been appointed, which would most likely end in the ruin of an innocent, though thoughtless girl. Losing no time, he entered the apartment of Lord Ruthven, and abruptly asked him his intentions with respect to the lady, informing him at the same time that he was aware of his being about to meet her that very night. Lord Ruthven answered, that his intentions were such as he supposed all would have upon such an occasion ; and upon being pressed whether he intended to marry her, merely laughed. Aubrey retired ; and, immediately writing a note, to say, that from that moment

he must decline accompanying his Lordship in the remainder of their proposed tour, he ordered his servant to seek other apartments, and calling upon the mother of the lady, informed her of all he knew, not only with regard to her daughter, but also concerning the character of his Lordship. The assignation was prevented. Lord Ruthven next day merely sent his servant to notify his complete assent to a separation ; but did not hint any suspicion of his plans having been foiled by Aubrey's interposition.

Having left Rome, Aubrey directed his steps towards Greece, and crossing the Peninsula, soon found himself at Athens. He then fixed his residence in the house of a Greek ; and soon occupied himself in tracing the faded records of ancient glory upon monuments that apparently, ashamed of chronicling the deeds of freemen only before slaves, had hidden themselves beneath the sheltering soil or many coloured lichen. Under the same roof as himself, existed a being, so beautiful and delicate, that she might have formed the

model for a painter, wishing to pourtray on canvass the promised hope of the faithful in Mahomet's paradise, save that her eyes spoke too much mind for any one to think she could belong to those who had no souls. As she danced upon the plain, or tripped along the mountain's side, one would have thought the gazelle a poor type of her beauties ; for who would have exchanged her eye, apparently the eye of animated nature, for that sleepy luxurious look of the animal suited but to the taste of an epicure. The light step of Ianthe often accompanied Aubrey in his search after antiquities, and often would the unconscious girl, engaged in the pursuit of a Kashmere butterfly, show the whole beauty of her form, floating as it were upon the wind, to the eager gaze of him, who forgot the letters he had just decyphered upon an almost effaced tablet, in the contemplation of her sylph-like figure. Often would her tresses falling, as she flitted around, exhibit in the sun's ray such delicately brilliant and swiftly fading hues, as might well excuse the forgetfulness of the

antiquary, who let escape from his mind the very object he had before thought of vital importance to the proper interpretation of a passage in Pausanias. But why attempt to describe charms which all feel, but none can appreciate ?---It was innocence, youth, and beauty, unaffected by crowded drawing-rooms and stifling balls. Whilst he drew those remains of which he wished to preserve a memorial for his future hours, she would stand by, and watch the magic effects of his pencil, in tracing the scenes of her native place ; she would then describe to him the circling dance upon the open plain, would paint to him in all the glowing colours of youthful memory, the marriage pomp she remembered viewing in her infancy ; and then, turning to subjects that had evidently made a greater impression upon her mind, would tell him all the supernatural tales of her nurse. Her earnestness and apparent belief of what she narrated, excited the interest even of Aubrey ; and often as she told him the tale of the living vampyre, who

had passed years amidst his friends, and dearest ties, forced every year, by feeding upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence for the ensuing months, his blood would run cold, whilst he attempted to laugh her out of such idle and horrible fantasies ; but Ianthe cited to him the names of old men, who had at last detected one living among themselves, after several of their near relatives and children had been found marked with the stamp of the fiend's appetite ; and when she found him so incredulous, she begged of him to believe her, for it had been remarked, that those who had dared to question their existence, always had some proof given, which obliged them, with grief and heartbreaking, to confess it was true. She detailed to him the traditional appearance of these monsters, and his horror was increased, by hearing a pretty accurate description of Lord Ruthven ; he, however, still persisted in persuading her, that there could be no truth in her fears, though at the same time he wondered at the many coinci-

dences which had all tended to excite a belief in the supernatural power of Lord Ruthven.

Aubrey began to attach himself more and more to Ianthe ; her innocence, so contrasted with all the affected virtues of the women among whom he had sought for his vision of romance, won his heart ; and while he ridiculed the idea of a young man of English habits, marrying an uneducated Greek girl, still he found himself more and more attached to the almost fairy form before him. He would tear himself at times from her, and, forming a plan for some antiquarian research, he would depart, determined not to return until his object was attained ; but he always found it impossible to fix his attention upon the ruins around him, whilst in his mind he retained an image that seemed alone the rightful possessor of his thoughts. Ianthe was unconscious of his love, and was ever the same frank infantile being he had first known. She always seemed to part from him with reluctance ; but it was because

she had no longer any one with whom she could visit her favourite haunts, whilst her guardian was occupied in sketching or uncovering some fragment which had yet escaped the destructive hand of time. She had appealed to her parents on the subject of Vampyres, and they both, with several present, affirmed their existence, pale with horror at the very name. Soon after, Aubrey determined to proceed upon one of his excursions, which was to detain him for a few hours ; when they heard the name of the place, they all at once begged of him not to return at night, as he must necessarily pass through a wood, where no Greek would ever remain, after the day had closed, upon any consideration. They described it as the resort of the vampyres in their nocturnal orgies, and denounced the most heavy evils as impending upon him who dared to cross their path. Aubrey made light of their representations, and tried to laugh them out of the idea ; but when he saw them shudder at his daring thus to mock a superior, infernal power, the

very name of which apparently made their blood freeze, he was silent.

Next morning Aubrey set off upon his excursion unattended ; he was surprised to observe the melancholy face of his host, and was concerned to find that his words, mocking the belief of those horrible fiends, had inspired them with such terror. When he was about to depart, Ianthe came to the side of his horse, and earnestly begged of him to return, ere night allowed the power of these beings to be put in action ;---he promised. He was, however, so occupied in his research, that he did not perceive that day-light would soon end, and that in the horizon there was one of those specks which, in the warmer climates, so rapidly gather into a tremendous mass, and pour all their rage upon the devoted country. ---He at last, however, mounted his horse, determined to make up by speed for his delay : but it was too late. Twilight, in these southern climates, is almost unknown ; immediately the sun sets, night begins : and ere he had advanced far, the power of the storm was above

---its echoing thunders had scarcely an interval of rest---its thick heavy rain forced its way through the canopying foliage, whilst the blue forked lightning seemed to fall and radiate at his very feet. Suddenly his horse took fright, and he was carried with dreadful rapidity through the entangled forest. The animal at last, through fatigue, stopped, and he found, by the glare of lightning, that he was in the neighbourhood of a hovel that hardly lifted itself up from the masses of dead leaves and brushwood which surrounded it. Dismounting, he approached, hoping to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to obtain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders, for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a woman mingling with the stifled, exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound ;---he was startled: but, roused by the thunder which again rolled over his head, he, with a sudden effort, forced open the door of the hut. He found himself in utter darkness: the sound, however, guided

him. He was apparently unperceived ; for, though he called, still the sounds continued, and no notice was taken of him. He found himself in contact with some one, whom he immediately seized ; when a voice cried, “ Again baffled !” to which a loud laugh succeeded ; and he felt himself grappled by one whose strength seemed superhuman : determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, he struggled ; but it was in vain : he was lifted from his feet and hurled with enormous force against the ground : ---his enemy threw himself upon him, and kneeling upon his breast, had placed his hands upon his throat --- when the glare of many torches penetrating through the hole that gave light in the day, disturbed him ; ---he instantly rose, and, leaving his prey, rushed through the door, and in a moment the crashing of the branches, as he broke through the wood, was no longer heard. The storm was now still ; and Aubrey, incapable of moving, was soon heard by those without. They entered ; the light of their torches fell upon the mud walls, and the thatch loaded on every individual straw

with heavy flakes of soot. At the desire of Aubrey they searched for her who had attracted him by her cries ; he was again left in darkness ; but what was his horror, when the light of the torches once more burst upon him, to perceive the airy form of his fair conductress brought in a lifeless corse. He shut his eyes, hoping that it was but a vision arising from his disturbed imagination ; but he again saw the same form, when he unclosed them, stretched by his side. There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip ; yet there was a stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there :--- upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein :---to this the men pointed, crying, simultaneously struck with horror, “ A Vampyre! a Vampyre!” A litter was quickly formed, and Aubrey was laid by the side of her who had lately been to him the object of so many bright and fairy visions, now fallen with the flower of life that had died within her. He knew not what his thoughts were---his mind

was benumbed and seemed to shun reflection, and take refuge in vacancy---he held almost unconsciously in his hand a naked dagger of a particular construction, which had been found in the hut. They were soon met by different parties who had been engaged in the search of her whom a mother had missed. Their lamentable cries, as they approached the city, forewarned the parents of some dreadful catastrophe---To describe their grief would be impossible ; but when they ascertained the cause of their child's death, they looked at Aubrey, and pointed to the corse. They were inconsolable ; both died broken-hearted.

Aubrey being put to bed was seized with a most violent fever, and was often delirious ; in these intervals he would call upon Lord Ruthven and upon Ianthe---by some unaccountable combination he seemed to beg of his former companion to spare the being he loved. At other times he would imprecate maledictions upon his head, and curse him as her destroyer. Lord Ruthven chanced at this time to arrive at Athens, and, from whatever motive, upon

hearing of the state of Aubrey, immediately placed himself in the same house, and became his constant attendant. When the latter recovered from his delirium, he was horrified and startled at the sight of him whose image he had now combined with that of a Vampyre ; but Lord Ruthven, by his kind words, implying almost repentance for the fault that had caused their separation, and still more by the attention, anxiety, and care which he showed, soon reconciled him to his presence. His lordship seemed quite changed ; he no longer appeared that apathetic being who had so astonished Aubrey ; but as soon as his convalescence began to be rapid, he again gradually retired into the same state of mind, and Aubrey perceived no difference from the former man, except that at times he was surprised to meet his gaze fixed intently upon him, with a smile of malicious exultation playing upon his lips : he knew not why, but this smile haunted him. During the last stage of the invalid's recovery, Lord Ruthven was apparently engaged in watching the tideless waves raised by the

cooling breeze, or in marking the progress of those orbs, circling, like our world, the moveless sun ;---indeed, he appeared to wish to avoid the eyes of all.

Aubrey's mind, by this shock, was much weakened, and that elasticity of spirit which had once so distinguished him now seemed to have fled for ever. He was now as much a lover of solitude and silence as Lord Ruthven ; but much as he wished for solitude, his mind could not find it in the neighbourhood of Athens ; if he sought it amidst the ruins he had formerly frequented, Ianthe's form stood by his side---if he sought it in the woods, her light step would appear wandering amidst the underwood, in quest of the modest violet ; then suddenly turning round, would show, to his wild imagination, her pale face and wounded throat, with a meek smile upon her lips. He determined to fly scenes, every feature of which created such bitter associations in his mind. He proposed to Lord Ruthven, to whom he held himself bound by the tender care he had taken of him during his illness, that they should

visit those parts of Greece neither had yet seen. They travelled in every direction, and sought every spot to which a recollection could be attached: but though they thus hastened from place to place, yet they seemed not to heed what they gazed upon. They heard much of robbers, but they gradually began to slight these reports, which they imagined were only the invention of individuals, whose interest it was to excite the generosity of those whom they defended from pretended dangers. In consequence of thus neglecting the advice of the inhabitants, on one occasion they travelled with only a few guards, more to serve as guides than as a defence. Upon entering, however, a narrow defile, at the bottom of which was the bed of a torrent, with large masses of rock brought down from the neighbouring precipices, they had reason to repent their negligence; for scarcely were the whole of the party engaged in the narrow pass, when they were startled by the whistling of bullets close to their heads, and by the echoed report of several guns. In an instant their guards

had left them, and, placing themselves behind rocks, had begun to fire in the direction whence the report came. Lord Ruthven and Aubrey, imitating their example, retired for a moment behind the sheltering turn of the defile: but ashamed of being thus detained by a foe, who with insulting shouts bade them advance, and being exposed to unresisting slaughter, if any of the robbers should climb above and take them in the rear, they determined at once to rush forward in search of the enemy. Hardly had they lost the shelter of the rock, when Lord Ruthven received a shot in the shoulder, which brought him to the ground. Aubrey hastened to his assistance; and, no longer heeding the contest or his own peril, was soon surprised by seeing the robbers' faces around him---his guards having, upon Lord Ruthven's being wounded, immediately thrown up their arms and surrendered.

By promises of great reward, Aubrey soon induced them to convey his wounded friend to a neighbouring cabin; and having agreed upon a ransom, he was no more disturbed by

their presence---they being content merely to guard the entrance till their comrade should return with the promised sum, for which he had an order. Lord Ruthven's strength rapidly decreased; in two days mortification ensued, and death seemed advancing with hasty steps. His conduct and appearance had not changed; he seemed as unconscious of pain as he had been of the objects about him: but towards the close of the last evening, his mind became apparently uneasy, and his eye often fixed upon Aubrey, who was induced to offer his assistance with more than usual earnestness---“Assist me! you may save me---you may do more than that---I mean not my life, I heed the death of my existence as little as that of the passing day; but you may save my honour, your friend's honour.”---“How? tell me how? I would do any thing,” replied Aubrey.---“I need but little---my life ebbs apace---I cannot explain the whole---but if you would conceal all you know of me, my honour were free from stain in the world's mouth---and if my death were unknown for some time in England---I

---I---but life."---"It shall not be known."---"Swear!" cried the dying man, raising himself with exultant violence, "Swear by all your soul reveres, by all your nature fears, swear that for a year and a day you will not impart your knowledge of my crimes or death to any living being in any way, whatever may happen, or whatever you may see."---His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets: "I swear!" said Aubrey; he sunk laughing upon his pillow, and breathed no more.

○ Aubrey retired to rest, but did not sleep; the many circumstances attending his acquaintance with this man rose upon his mind, and he knew not why; when he remembered his oath a cold shivering came over him, as if from the presentiment of something horrible awaiting him. Rising early in the morning, he was about to enter the hovel in which he had left the corpse, when a robber met him, and informed him that it was no longer there, having been conveyed by himself and comrades, upon his retiring, to the pinnacle of a neighbouring mount, according to a promise

they had given his lordship, that it should be exposed to the first cold ray of the moon that rose after his death. Aubrey astonished, and taking several of the men, determined to go and bury it upon the spot where it lay. But, when he had mounted to the summit he found no trace of either the corpse or the clothes, though the robbers swore they pointed out the identical rock on which they had laid the body. For a time his mind was bewildered in conjectures, but he at last returned, convinced that they had buried the corpse for the sake of the clothes.

Weary of a country in which he had met with such terrible misfortunes, and in which all apparently conspired to heighten that superstitious melancholy that had seized upon his mind, he resolved to leave it, and soon arrived at Smyrna. While waiting for a vessel to convey him to Otranto, or to Naples, he occupied himself in arranging those effects he had with him belonging to Lord Ruthven. Amongst other things there was a case containing several weapons of offence, more or

less adapted to ensure the death of the victim. There were several daggers and ataghans. Whilst turning them over, and examining their curious forms, what was his surprise at finding a sheath apparently ornamented in the same style as the dagger discovered in the fatal hut---he shuddered---hastening to gain further proof, he found the weapon, and his horror may be imagined when he discovered that it fitted, though peculiarly shaped, the sheath he held in his hand. His eyes seemed to need no further certainty---they seemed gazing to be bound to the dagger; yet still he wished to disbelieve; but the particular form, the same varying tints upon the haft and sheath were alike in splendour on both, and left no room for doubt; there were also drops of blood on each.

He left Smyrna, and on his way home, at Rome, his first inquiries were concerning the lady he had attempted to snatch from Lord Ruthven's seductive arts. Her parents were in distress, their fortune ruined, and she had not been heard of since the departure of his

lordship. Aubrey's mind became almost broken under so many repeated horrors ; he was afraid that this lady had fallen a victim to the destroyer of Ianthe. He became morose and silent ; and his only occupation consisted in urging the speed of the postilions, as if he were going to save the life of some one he held dear. He arrived at Calais ; a breeze, which seemed obedient to his will, soon wafted him to the English shores ; and he hastened to the mansion of his fathers, and there, for a moment, appeared to lose, in the embraces and caresses of his sister, all memory of the past. If she before, by her infantine caresses, had gained his affection, now that the woman began to appear, she was still more attaching as a companion.

Miss Aubrey had not that winning grace which gains the gaze and applause of the drawing-room assemblies. There was none of that light brilliancy which only exists in the heated atmosphere of a crowded apartment.

Her blue eye was never lit up by the levity of the mind beneath. There was a melancholy

charm about it which did not seem to arise from misfortune, but from some feeling within, that appeared to indicate a soul conscious of a brighter realm. Her step was not that light footing, which strays where'er a butterfly or a colour may attract---it was sedate and pensive. When alone, her face was never brightened by the smile of joy ; but when her brother breathed to her his affection, and would in her presence forget those griefs she knew destroyed his rest, who would have exchanged her smile for that of the voluptuary ? It seemed as if those eyes,---that face were then playing in the light of their own native sphere. She was yet only eighteen, and had not been presented to the world, it having been thought by her guardians more fit that her presentation should be delayed until her brother's return from the continent, when he might be her protector. It was now, therefore, resolved that the next drawing-room, which was fast approaching, should be the epoch of her entry into the "busy scene." Aubrey would rather have remained in the mansion of his fathers, and

fed upon the melancholy which overpowered him. He could not feel interest about the frivolities of fashionable strangers, when his mind had been so torn by the events he had witnessed ; but he determined to sacrifice his own comfort to the protection of his sister. They soon arrived in town, and prepared for the next day, which had been announced as a drawing-room. *Aubrey went with them!*

The crowd was excessive---a drawing-room had not been held for a long time, and all who were anxious to bask in the smile of royalty, hastened thither. Aubrey was there with his sister. While he was standing in a corner by himself, heedless of all around him, engaged in the remembrance that the first time he had seen Lord Ruthven was in that very place---he felt himself suddenly seized by the arm, and a voice he recognized too well, sounded in his ear---“Remember your oath.” He had hardly courage to turn, fearful of seeing a spectre that would blast him, when he perceived, at a little distance, the same figure which had attracted his notice on this spot upon

his first entry into society. He gazed till his limbs almost refusing to bear their weight; he was obliged to take the arm of a friend, and forcing a passage through the crowd, he threw himself into his carriage, and was driven home. He paced the room with hurried steps, and fixed his hands upon his head, as if he were afraid his thoughts were bursting from his brain. Lord Ruthven again before him---circumstances started up in dreadful array---the dagger---his oath.---He roused himself, he could not believe it possible---the dead rise again!---He thought his imagination had conjured up the image his mind was resting upon. It was impossible that it could be real---he determined, therefore, to go again into society; for though he attempted to ask concerning Lord Ruthven, the name hung upon his lips, and he could not succeed in gaining information. He went a few nights after with his sister to the assembly of a near relation. Leaving her under the protection of a matron, he retired into a recess, and there gave himself up to his

own devouring thoughts. Perceiving, at last, that many were leaving, he roused himself, and entering another room, found his sister surrounded by several, apparently in earnest conversation ; he attempted to pass and get near her, when one, whom he requested to move, turned round, and revealed to him those features he most abhorred. He sprang forward, seized his sister's arm, and, with hurried step, forced her towards the street : at the door he found himself impeded by the crowd of servants who were waiting for their lords ; and while he was engaged in passing them, he again heard that voice whisper close to him—“ Remember your oath! ”—He did not dare to turn, but, hurrying his sister, soon reached home.

Aubrey became almost distracted. If before his mind had been absorbed by one subject, how much more completely was it engrossed, now that the certainty of the monster's living again pressed upon his thoughts. His sister's attentions were now unheeded, and it was in vain that she intreated him to

explain to her what had caused his abrupt conduct. He only uttered a few words, and those terrified her. The more he thought, the more he was bewildered. His oath startled him ;—was he then to allow this monster to roam, bearing ruin upon his breath, amidst all he held dear, and not avert its progress ? His very sister might have been touched by him. But even if he were to break his oath, and disclose his suspicions, who would believe him ? He thought of employing his own hand to free the world from such a wretch ; but death, he remembered, had been already mocked. For days he remained in this state ; shut up in his room, he saw no one, and eat only when his sister came, who, with eyes streaming with tears, besought him, for her sake, to support nature. At last, no longer capable of bearing stillness and solitude, he left his house, roamed from street to street, anxious to fly that image which haunted him. His dress became neglected, and he wandered, as often exposed to the noon-day sun as to the midnight damps. He was no longer to be

recognized ; at first he returned with the evening to the house ; but at last he laid him down to rest wherever fatigue overtook him. His sister, anxious for his safety, employed people to follow him ; but they were soon distanced by him who fled from a pursuer swifter than any---from thought. His conduct, however, suddenly changed. Struck with the idea that he left by his absence the whole of his friends, with a fiend amongst them, of whose presence they were unconscious, he determined to enter again into society, and watch him closely, anxious to forewarn, in spite of his oath, all whom Lord Ruthven approached with intimacy. But when he entered into a room, his haggard and suspicious looks were so striking, his inward shudderings so visible, that his sister was at last obliged to beg of him to abstain from seeking, for her sake, a society which affected him so strongly. When, however, remonstrance proved unavailing, the guardians thought proper to interpose, and, fearing that his mind was becoming alienated, they

thought it high time to resume again that trust which had been before imposed upon them by Aubrey's parents.

Desirous of saving him from the injuries and sufferings he had daily encountered in his wanderings, and of preventing him from exposing to the general eye those marks of what they considered folly, they engaged a physician to reside in the house, and take constant care of him. He hardly appeared to notice it, so completely was his mind absorbed by one terrible subject. His incoherence became at last so great, that he was confined to his chamber. There he would often lie for days, incapable of being roused. *even by his*
He had become emaciated, his eyes had attained a glassy lustre;---the only sign of affection and recollection remaining displayed itself upon the entry of his sister; then he would sometimes start, and, seizing her hands, with looks that severely afflicted her, he would desire her not to touch him. "Oh, do not touch him---if your love for me is aught, do not go near him!" When, however, she

inquired to whom he referred, his only answer was, "True! true! and again he sank into a state, whence not even she could rouse him. This lasted many months: gradually, however, as the year was passing, his incoherences became less frequent, and his mind threw off a portion of its gloom, whilst his guardians observed, that several times in the day he would count upon his fingers a definite number, and then smile.

The time had nearly elapsed, when, upon the last day of the year, one of his guardians entering his room, began to converse with his physician upon the melancholy circumstance of Aubrey's being in so awful a situation, when his sister was going next day to be married. Instantly Aubrey's attention was attracted; he asked anxiously to whom. Glad of this mark of returning intellect, of which they feared he had been deprived, they mentioned the name of the Earl of Marsden. Thinking this was a young Earl whom he had met with in society, Aubrey seemed pleased, and astonished them still more by

his expressing his intention to be present at the nuptials, and desiring to see his sister. They answered not, but in a few minutes his sister was with him. He was apparently again capable of being affected by the influence of her lovely smile ; for he pressed her to his breast, and kissed her cheek, wet with tears, flowing at the thought of her brother's being once more alive to the feelings of affection. He began to speak with all his wonted warmth, and to congratulate her upon her marriage with a person so distinguished for rank and every accomplishment ; when he suddenly perceived a locket upon her breast ; opening it, what was his surprise at beholding the features of the monster who had so long influenced his life. He seized the portrait in a paroxysm of rage, and trampled it under foot. Upon her asking him why he thus destroyed the resemblance of her future husband, he looked as if he did not understand her---then seizing her hands, and gazing on her with a frantic expression of countenance, he bade her swear that she would

never wed this monster, for he----But he could not advance--- it seemed as if that voice again bade him remember his oath---he turned suddenly round, thinking Lord Ruthven was near him but saw no one. In the meantime the guardians and physician, who had heard the whole, and thought this was but a return of his disorder, entered, and forcing him from Miss Aubrey, desired her to leave him. He fell upon his knees to them, he implored, he begged of them to delay but for one day. They, attributing this to the insanity they imagined had taken possession of his mind, endeavoured to pacify him, and retired.

Lord Ruthven had called the morning after the drawing-room, and had been refused with every one else. When he heard of Aubrey's ill health, he readily understood himself to be the cause of it ; but when he learned that he was deemed insane, his exultation and pleasure could hardly be concealed from those among whom he had gained this information. He hastened to the house of his former companion, and, by constant attendance, and the

pretence of great affection for the brother and interest in his fate, he gradually won the ear of Miss Aubrey. Who could resist his power? His tongue had dangers and toils to recount—could speak of himself as of an individual having no sympathy with any being on the crowded earth, save with her to whom he addressed himself;—could tell how, since he knew her, his existence had begun to seem worthy of preservation, if it were merely that he might listen to her soothing accents;—in fine, he knew so well how to use the serpent's art, or such was the will of fate, that he gained her affections. The title of the elder branch falling at length to him, he obtained an important embassy, which served as an excuse for hastening the marriage, (inspite of her brother's deranged state,) which was to take place the very day before his departure for the continent.

Aubrey, when he was left by the physician and his guardians, attempted to bribe the servants, but in vain. He asked for pen and paper; it was given him; he wrote a letter

to his sister, conjuring her, as she valued her own happiness, her own honour, and the honour of those now in the grave, who once held her in their arms as their hope and the hope of their house, to delay but for a few hours that marriage, on which he denounced the most heavy curses. The servants promised they would deliver it; but giving it to the physician, he thought it better not to harass any more the mind of Miss Aubrey by, what he considered, the ravings of a maniac. Night passed on without rest to the busy inmates of the house; and Aubrey heard, with a horror that may more easily be conceived than described, the notes of busy preparation. Morning came, and the sound of carriages broke upon his ear. Aubrey grew almost frantic. The curiosity of the servants at last overcame their vigilance, they gradually stole away, leaving him in the custody of an helpless old woman. He seized the opportunity, with one bound was out of the room, and in a moment found himself in the apartment where all were nearly assembled.

Lord Ruthven was the first to perceive him : he immediately approached, and, taking his arm by force, hurried him from the room, speechless with rage. When on the staircase, Lord Ruthven whispered in his ear—“ Remember your oath, and know, if not my bride to day, your sister is dishonoured. Women are frail !” So saying, he pushed him towards his attendants, who, roused by the old woman, had come in search of him. Aubrey could no longer support himself ; his rage not finding vent, had broken a blood-vessel, and he was conveyed to bed. This was not mentioned to his sister, who was not present when he entered, as the physician was afraid of agitating her. The marriage was solemnized, and the bride and bridegroom left London.

*Open and
bake !*

Aubrey’s weakness increased ; the effusion of blood produced symptoms of the near approach of death. He desired his sister’s guardians might be called, and when the midnight hour had struck, he related com-

posedly what the reader has perused—he died immediately after.

The guardians hastened to protect Miss Aubrey; but when they arrived, it was too late. Lord Ruthven had disappeared, and Aubrey's sister had glutted the thirst of a VAMPYRE!

How horrid!
"Perfectly horrid"!!

EXTRACT OF A LETTER,

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT

OF

LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE

IN THE

ISLAND OF MITYLENE.

ACCOUNT
OF
LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE,
&c.

“ The world was all before him, where to choose his place of rest, and Providence his guide.”

IN sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, on board one of his Majesty's vessels, in the year 1812, we put into the harbour of Mitylene, in the island of that name. The beauty of this place, and the certain supply of cattle and vegetables always to be had there, induce many British vessels to visit it---both men of war and merchantmen ; and though it lies rather out of the track for ships bound to Smyrna, its bounties amply repay for the deviation of a voyage. We landed, as usual, at the bottom of the bay, and whilst the men were employed in watering, and the purser bargaining for cattle with the natives, the clergyman and myself took a ramble to the

cave called Homer's School, and other places, where we had been before. On the brow of Mount Ida (a small monticule so named) we met with and engaged a young Greek as our guide, who told us he had come from Scio with an English lord, who left the island four days previous to our arrival in his felucca. "He engaged me as a pilot," said the Greek, "and would have taken me with him ; but I did not choose to quit Mitylene, where I am likely to get married. He was an odd, but a very good man. The cottage over the hill, facing the river, belongs to him, and he has left an old man in charge of it : he gave Dominick, the wine-trader, six hundred zechines for it, (about 250*l.* English currency,) and has resided there about fourteen months, though not constantly ; for he sails in his felucca very often to the different islands."

This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house where our countryman had resided. We were kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion. It

consisted of four apartments on the ground-floor---an entrance hall, a drawing-room, a sitting parlour, and a bed-room, with a spacious closet annexed. They were all simply decorated : plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture ; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English cane chairs, and an empty book-case : there were no mirrors, nor a single painting. The bed-chamber had merely a large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow---the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting-room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman's chest in the closet : it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire's, Shakspeare's,

Boileau's, and Rousseau's works complete ; Volney's *Ruins of Empires* ; Zimmerman, in the German language ; Klopstock's *Messiah* ; Kotzebue's novels ; Schiller's play of the *Robbers* ; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, an Italian edition, printed at Parma in 1810 ; several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn, but no English book of any description. Most of these books were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil, in Italian and Latin. The *Messiah* was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper, on which also were remarks.

The old man said : " The lord had been reading these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others ; but," said he, " there they must lie until his return ; for he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without orders, he would frown upon me for a week together ; he is otherways very good. I once did him a service ; and I have the produce of this farm for the trouble of taking care of it, except

twenty zechines which I pay to an aged Armenian who resides in a small cottage in the wood, and whom the lord brought here from Adrianople ; I don't know for what reason."

The appearance of the house externally was pleasing. The portico in front was fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars with black plinths and fret-work cornices, (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof. The roof, surrounded by a light stone balustrade, was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house-tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking, drinking light wines, such as "lachryma christi," eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

On the left hand as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away, grapes, oranges and limes were clustering together on its borders, and under the shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble seat with an ornamental wooden back was placed, on which

we were told, the lord passed many of his evenings and nights till twelve o'clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. "I suppose," said the old man, "*praying*," for he was very devout, and always attended our church twice a week, besides Sundays."

The view from this seat was what may be termed "a bird's-eye view." A line of rich vineyards led the eye to Mount Calcla, covered with olive and myrtle trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins descended in broken cascades, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain's base. The sea smooth as glass, and an horizon unshadowed by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chesnut and palm-trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view more than I did this; but our enquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in

this romantic solitude: none knew his name but Dominick, his banker, who had gone to Candia. "The Armenian," said our conductor, "could tell, but I am sure he will not."—"And cannot you tell, old friend?" said I—"If I can," said he, "I dare not." We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our return to the town we learnt several particulars of the isolated lord. He had portioned eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even *danced* with them at the nuptial feast. He gave a cow to one man, horses to others, and cotton and silk to the girls who live by weaving these articles. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. In short, he appeared to us, from all we collected, to have been a very eccentric and benevolent character. One circumstance we learnt, which our old friend at the cottage thought proper not to disclose. He had a most beautiful daughter, with whom the lord was often seen walking on the sea-shore, and he

had bought her a piano-forte, and taught her himself the use of it.

Such was the information with which we departed from the peaceful isle of Mitylene ; our imaginations all on the rack, guessing who this rambler in Greece could be. He had money it was evident : he had philanthropy of disposition, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arrived at Palermo, all our doubts were dispelled. Falling in company with Mr. FOSTER, the architect, a pupil of WYATT's, who had been travelling in Egypt and Greece, "The individual," said he, "about whom you are so anxious, is Lord Byron ; I met him in my travels on the island of Tenedos, and I also visited him at Mitylene." We had never then heard of his lordship's fame, as we had been some years from home ; but "Childe Harolde" being put into our hands we recognized the recluse of Calcla in every page. Deeply did we regret not having been more curious in our researches at the cottage, but we consoled ourselves with the idea of returning to Mitylene on some future day ;

but to me that day will never return. I make this statement, believing it not quite uninteresting, and in justice to his lordship's good name, which has been grossly slandered. He has been described as of an unfeeling disposition, averse to associating with human nature, or contributing in any way to sooth its sorrows, or add to its pleasures. The fact is directly the reverse, as may be plainly gathered from these little anecdotes. All the finer ~~+~~ feelings of the heart, so elegantly depicted in his lordship's poems, seem to have their seat ~~do not form~~ ^{they have not} in his bosom. Tenderness, sympathy, and charity appear to guide all his actions: and his courting the repose of solitude is an additional reason for marking him as a being on whose heart Religion hath set her seal, and over whose head Benevolence hath thrown her mantle. No man can read the preceding pleasing "traits" without feeling proud of him as a countryman. With respect to his loves or pleasures, I do not assume a right to give an opinion. Reports are ever to be received — with caution, particularly when directed

against man's moral integrity ; and he who dares justify himself before that awful tribunal where all must appear, alone may censure the errors of a fellow-mortal. Lord Byron's character is worthy of his genius. To do good in secret, and shun the world's applause, is the surest testimony of a virtuous heart and self-approving conscience.

*What a silent
man - first
seen - in silent
and a stone other!*

This is my book ! Mr. Blytham
gave it me after reading
it aloud to him & Mrs. Eagle
in York Crescent, Clifton.

THE END.

Friday night, Aug 14th -
1819.

W.W.

THE ISLAND.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD-STREET, GOLDEN-SQUARE.

Brought at Bath for Wm. Hunt
for your excellent Grani.

Aug 15th 1823.

THE ISLAND,

OR

CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES.

BY THE

RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON, 1823:

PRINTED FOR JOHN HUNT,
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The foundation of the following Story will be found partly in the account of the Mutiny of the Bounty in the South Seas (in 1789) and partly in "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands."

THE ISLAND.

CANTO I.

I.

THE morning watch was come ; the vessel lay
Her course, and gently made her liquid way ;
The cloven billow flashed from off her prow
In furrows formed by that majestic plough ;
The waters with their world were all before ;
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.
The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main ;
The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray ;
The stars from broader beams began to creep,
And lift their shining eyelids from the deep ;
The sail resumed its lately shadowed white,
And the wind fluttered with a freshening flight ;

10

The purpling ocean owns the coming sun,
But ere he break—a deed is to be done.

II.

The gallant Chief within his cabin slept,
Secure in those by whom the watch was kept :
His dreams were of Old England's welcome shore,
Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er ; 20
His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.
The worst was over, and the rest seemed sure,
And why should not his slumber be secure ?
Alas ! his deck was trod by unwilling feet,
And wilder hands would hold the vessel's sheet ;
Young hearts, which languished for some sunny isle,
Where summer years and summer women smile ;
Men without country, who, too long estranged,
Had found no native home, or found it changed, 30
And, half uncivilized, preferred the cave
Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave—
The gushing fruits that Nature gave untilled ;
The wood without a path but where they willed ;
The field o'er which promiscuous plenty poured
Her horn ; the equal land without a lord ;

The wish,—which ages have not yet subdued
 In man—to have no master save his mood ;
 The Earth, whose mine was on its face, unsold
 The glowing sun and produce all its gold ; 40
 The freedom which can call each grot a home ;
 The general garden, where all steps may roam,
 Where Nature owns a nation as her child,
 Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild ;
 Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know ;
 Their unexploring navy, the canoe ;
 Their sport, the dashing breakers and the chase ;
 Their strangest sight, an European face :—
 Such was the country which these strangers yearned
 To see again, a sight they dearly earned. 50

III.

Awake, bold Bligh ! the foe is at the gate !
 Awake ! awake !—Alas ! it is too late !
 Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
 Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear.
 Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast,
 The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest ;
 Dragged o'er the deck, no more at thy command
 The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand ;

That savage spirit, which would lull by wrath
 Its desperate escape from duty's path,
 Glares round thee, in the scarce believing eyes
 Of those who fear the Chief they sacrifice ;
 For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
 Unless he drain the wine of passion, rage.

60

IV.

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,
 Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced breath :—
 They come not ; they are few, and, overawed,
 Must acquiesce while sterner hearts applaud.
 In vain thou dost demand the cause ; a curse
 Is all the answer, with the threat of worse.

70

Full in thine eyes is waved the glittering blade,
 Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet laid,
 The levelled muskets circle round thy breast
 In hands as steeled to do the deadly rest.

Thou dar'st them to their worst, exclaiming, “Fire !”
 But they who pitied not could yet admire ;
 Some lurking remnant of their former awe
 Restrained them longer than their broken law ;
 They would not dip their souls at once in blood,
 But left thee to the mercies of the flood.

80

V.

“ Hoist out the boat!” was now the leader’s cry ;
And who dare answer “ No” to Mutiny,
In the first dawning of the drunken hour,
The Saturnalia of unhopéd-for power ?

The boat is lower’d with all the haste of hate,
With its slight plank between thee and thy fate ;
Her only cargo such a scant supply
As promises the death their hands deny ;
And just enough of water and of bread

To keep, some days, the dying from the dead :
Some cordage, canvas, sails, and lines, and twine,
But treasures all to Hermits of the brine,
Were added after, to the earnest prayer
Of those who saw no hope save sea and air ;
And last, that trembling vassal of the Pole,
The feeling compass, Navigation’s Soul.

90

VI.

And now the self-elected Chief finds time
To stun the first sensation of his crime,
And raise it in his followers—“ Ho ! the bowl !”
Lest passion should return to reason’s shoal.

100

“ Brandy for heroes !” Burke could once exclaim—
No doubt a liquid path to epic fame ;
And such the new-born heroes found it here,
And drained the draught with an applauding cheer.

“ Huzza ! for Otaheite !” was the cry ;
How strange such shouts from sons of Mutiny !
The gentle island, and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,
The courteous manners but from nature caught,
The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought ; 110
Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys, driven
Before the mast by every wind of Heaven ?
And now, even now prepared with other’s woes
To earn mild Virtue’s vain desire, repose ?
Alas ! such is our nature ! all but aim
At the same end by pathways not the same ;
Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,
Our fortune, temper, even our outward frame,
Are far more potent o’er our yielding clay
Than aught we know beyond our little day. 120

+ Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
| Heard through Gain’s silence, and o’er Glory’s din :
| Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
| Man’s conscience is the oracle of God !

VII.

The launch is crowded with the faithful few
Who wait their Chief, a melancholy crew :
But some remained reluctant on the deck
Of that proud vessel—now a moral wreck—
And viewed their Captain's fate with piteous eyes ;
While others scoffed his augured miseries, 130
Sneered at the prospect of his pigmy sail,
And the slight bark so laden and so frail.
The tender Nautilus who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and alas ! more free !
He, when the lightning-winged Tornados sweep
The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
And triumphs o'er the Armadas of mankind,
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind. 140

VIII.

When all was now prepared, the vessel clear
Which hailed her master in the mutineer—
A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
Shewed the vain pity which but irritates ;

Watched his late Chieftain with exploring eye,
And told, in signs, repentant sympathy ;
Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,
Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth.
But soon observed, this guardian was withdrawn,
Nor further Mercy clouds rebellion's dawn.

150

Then forward stepped the bold and foward boy
His Chief had cherished only to destroy,
And pointing to the helpless prow beneath,
Exclaimed, " Depart at once ! delay is death !"
Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased not all :
In that last moment could a word recall
Remorse for the black deed as yet half done,
And what he hid from many shewed to one :
When Bligh in stern reproach demanded where
Was now his grateful sense of former care ?
Where all his hopes to see his name aspire
And blazon Britain's thousand glories higher ?
His feverish lips thus broke their gloomy spell,
" 'Tis that ! 'tis that ! I am in Hell ! in Hell !"
No more he said; but urging to the bark
His Chief, commits him to his fragile ark :
These the sole accents from his tongue that fell,
But volumes lurked below his fierce farewell.

160

IX.

The arctic sun rose broad above the wave ;
The breeze now sunk, now whispered from his cave ; 170
As on the *Æolian* harp, his fitful wings
Now swelled, now fluttered o'er his ocean strings.
With slow, despairing oar the abandoned skiff
Ploughs its drear progress to the scarce-seen cliff,
Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main :
That boat and ship shall never meet again !
But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril and their scant relief ;
Their days of danger, and their nights of pain ;
Their manly courage even when deemed in vain ; 180
The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
Known to his mother in the skeleton ;
The ills that lessened still their little store,
And starved even Hunger till he wrung no more ;
The varying frowns and favours of the deep,..
That now almost engulphs, then leaves to creep
With crazy oar and shattered strength along
The tide that yields reluctant to the strong ;
The incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst 190

Above their naked bones, and feels delight
 In the cold drenching of the stormy night,
 And from the outspread canvas gladly wrings
 A drop to moisten Life's all gasping springs ;
 The savage foe escaped, to seek again
 More hospitable shelter from the main ;
 The ghastly spectres which were doomed at last
 To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
 As ever the dark annals of the deep
 Disclosed for man to dread or woman weep.

200

X.

We leave them to their fate, but not unknown
 Nor unredrest ! Revenge may have her own :
 Roused discipline aloud proclaims their cause,
 And injured navies urge their broken laws.
 Pursue we on his track the mutineer,
 Whom distant vengeance had not taught to fear.
 Wide o'er the wave—away ! away ! away !
 Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome bay ;
 Once more the happy shores without a law
 Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw ;
 Nature, and Nature's Goddess—Woman—woos
 To lands where, save their conscience, none accuse ;

210

Where all partake the earth without dispute,
 And bread itself is gathered as a fruit;*
 Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams:—
 The Goldless Age, where Gold disturbs no dreams,
 Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
 Till Europe taught them better than before,
 Bestowed her customs, and amended theirs,
 But left her vices also to their heirs. 220

Away with this! behold them as they were,
 Do good with Nature, or with Nature err.
 “Huzza! for Otaheite!” was the cry,
 — As stately swept the gallant vessel by.

The breeze springs up; the lately flapping sail
 Extends its arch before the growing gale;
 In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
 Which her bold bow flings off with dashing ease.
 Thus Argo ploughed the Euxine’s virgin foam;
 But those she wafted still looked back to home— 230

These spurn their country with their rebel bark,
 And fly her as the raven fled the ark;
 And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
 And tame their fiery spirits down to love. 234

* The now celebrated bread fruit, to transplant which Captain Bligh’s expedition was undertaken.

CANTO II.

I.

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,*
When summer's sun went down the coral bay !
Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
And hear the warbling birds ! the damsels said :
The wood-dove from the forest depth shall coo,
Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo ;
We'll cull the flowers that grow above the dead,
For these most bloom where rests the warrior's head ;
And we will sit in twilight's face, and see
The sweet moon glancing through the tooa tree, 10
The lofty accents of whose sighing bough
Shall sadly please us as we lean below ;
Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,

* The first three sections are taken from an actual song of the Tonga Islanders, of which a prose translation is given in Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands. Toobonai is *not* however one of them ; but was one of those where Christian and the mutineers took refuge. I have altered and added, but have retained as much as possible of the original.

Which spurn in columns back the baffled spray.
How beautiful are these ! how happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but Ocean strives !
Even he too loves at times the blue lagoon,
And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

20

II.

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
Then feast like spirits in their promised bower,
Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
And, wet and shining from the sportive toil,
Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
And plait our garlands gathered from the grave,
And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the brave.
But lo ! night comes, the Mooa wooes us back,
The sound of mats are heard along our track ;
Anon the torchlight dance shall fling its sheen
In flashing mazes o'er the Marly's green ;
And we too will be there ; we too recal
The memory bright with many a festival,
Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when foes
For the first time were wafted in canoes.

30

Alas ! for them the flower of mankind bleeds ;
Alas ! for them our fields are rank with weeds :
Forgotten is the rapture, or unknown,
Of wandering with the moon and love alone. 40
But be it so :—*they* taught us how to wield
The club, and rain our arrows o'er the field ;
Now let them reap the harvest of their art !
But feast to-night ! to-morrow we depart.
Strike up the dance, the cava bowl fill high,
Drain every drop !—to-morrow we may die.
In summer garments be our limbs arrayed ;
Around our waists the Tappa's white display'd ;
Thick wreaths shall form our Coronal, like Spring's,
And round our necks shall glance the Hooni strings ; 50
So shall their brighter hues contrast the glow
Of the dusk bosoms that beat high below.

III.

But now the dance is o'er—yet stay awhile ;
Ah, pause ! nor yet put out the social smile.
To-morrow for the Mooa we depart,
But not to-night—to-night is for the heart.
Again bestow the wreaths we gently woo,
Ye young enchantresses of gay Licoo !

How lovely are your forms ! how every sense
 Bows to your beauties, softened, but intense, 60
 Like to the flowers on Mataloco's steep,
 Which fling their fragrance far athwart the deep :
 We too will see Licoo ; but—oh ! my heart—
 What do I say ? to-morrow we depart.

IV.

Thus rose a song—the harmony of times
 Before the winds blew Europe o'er these climes.
 True, they had vices—such are Nature's growth—
 But only the Barbarian's—we have both :
 The sordor of civilization, mixed
 With all the savage which man's fall hath fixed. 70
 Who hath not seen Dissimulation's reign,
 The prayers of Abel linked to deeds of Cain ?
 Who such would see, may from his lattice view
 The Old World more degraded than the New,—
 Now *new* no more, save where Columbia rears
 Twin giants, born by Freedom to her spheres,
 Where Chimborazo, over air, earth, wave,
 Glares with his Titan eye, and sees no slave.

V.

Such was this ditty of Tradition's days,
 Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys 80
 In song, where Fame as yet hath left no sign
 Beyond the sound, whose charm is half divine ;
 Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
 But yields young History all to harmony ;
 A boy Achilles, with the Centaur's lyre
 In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.

For one long-cherished ballad's simple stave,
 Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
 Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,
 Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide, 90
 Hath greater power o'er each true heart and ear,
 Than all the columns Conquest's minions rear;
 Invites, when Hieroglyphics are a theme
 For sages' labours or the student's dream ;
 Attracts, when History's volumes are a toil,—
 The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil.
 Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of the rude—
 But such inspired the Norseman's solitude,
 Who came and conquer'd ; such, wherever rise
 Lands which no foes destroy or civilize, 100

Exist: and what can our accomplished art
Of verse do more than reach the awakened heart?

VI.

— And sweetly now those untaught melodies
Broke the luxurious silence of the skies,
The sweet siesta of a summer day,
The tropic afternoon of Toobonai,
When every flower was bloom, and air was balm,
And the first breath began to stir the palm,
The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave
All gently to refresh the thirsty cave, 110
Where sat the songstress with the stranger boy,
Who taught her passion's desolating joy,
Too powerful over every heart, but most
O'er those who know not how it may be lost;
O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,
With such devotion to their extacy,
That life knows no such rapture as to die:
And die they do; for earthly life has nought
Matched with that burst of nature, even in thought; 120
And all our dreams of better life above
But close in one eternal gush of love.

VII.

There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
In growth a woman, though in years a child,
As childhood dates within our colder clime,
Where nought is ripened rapidly save crime;
The infant of an infant world, as pure
From Nature—lovely, warm, and premature;
Dusky like Night, but Night with all her stars,
Or cavern sparkling with its native spars; 130
With eyes that were a language and a spell,
A form like Aphrodite's in her shell;
With all her loves around her on the deep,
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
The blush would make its way, and all but speak;
The sun-born blood suffus'd her neck, and threw
O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darkened wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave. 140
Such was this daughter of the Southern Seas,
Herself a bellow in her energies,
To bear the bark of others' happiness,
Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less:

— Her wild and warm yet faithful bosom knew
 No joy like what it gave ; her hopes ne'er drew
 Aught from experience, that chill touchstone, whose
 Sad proof reduces all things from their hues :
 She feared no ill, because she knew it not,
 Or what she knew was soon—too soon—forgot : 150

— Her smiles and tears had passed, as light winds pass
 O'er lakes, to ruffle, not destroy, their glass,
 Whose depths unsearch'd, and fountains from the hill,
 Restore their surface, in itself so still,
 Until the earthquake tear the Naiad's cave,
 Root up the spring, and trample on the wave,
 And crush the living waters to a mass,
 The amphibious desart of the dank morass !

— And must their fate be hers ? The eternal change
 But grasps humanity with quicker range ; 160
 And they who fall, but fall as worlds will fall,
 To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them all.

VIII.

And who is he ? the blue-eyed northern child
 Of isles more known to man, but scarce less wild ;
 The fair-haired offspring of the Hebrides,
 Where roars the Pentland with its whirling seas ;

- Rocked in his cradle by the roaring wind, 170
The tempest-born in body and in mind;
- His young eyes opening on the ocean-foam,
Had from that moment deemed the deep his home,
- | The giant comrade of his pensive moods,
| The sharer of his craggy solitudes,
- | The only Mentor of his youth, where'er
His bark was borne ; the sport of wave and air ;
A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance,
Nurst by the legends of his land's romance ;
- | Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
| Acquainted with all feelings save despair.

Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have been
As bold a rover as the sands have seen, 180
And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
As Ishmael, wafted on his desart-ship * ;
Fixed upon Chili's shore, a proud Cacique ;
On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek ;
Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane ;
Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.

* The "ship of the desart" is the Oriental figure for the camel or dromedary ; and they deserve the metaphor well, the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
 If reared to such, can find no further prey
 Beyond itself, and must retrace its way, †
 Plunging for pleasure into pain ; the same 190
 Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst shame,
 A humbler state and discipline of heart
 Had formed his glorious namesake's counterpart : ‡
 But grant his vices, grant them all his own,
 How small their theatre without a throne !

IX.

Thou smilest,—these comparisons seem high
 To those who scan all things with dazzled eye ;
 Linked with the unknown name of one whose doom
 Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,

† “Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had wasted turnips in his Sabine farm.”—POPE.

‡ The Consul Nero, who made the unequalled march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal; thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that “Rome would now be the mistress of the world.” And yet to this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all! But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of “Nero” is heard, who thinks of the Consul? But such are human things.

With Chili, Hellas, or with Araby, 200

Thou smilest?—Smile; 'tis better thus than sigh:

Yet such he might have been; he was a man,

A soaring spirit ever in the van,

A patriot hero or despotic chief,

To form a nation's glory or its grief,

Born under auspices which makes us more

Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.

But these are visions; say, what was he here?

A blooming boy, a truant mutineer,

The fair-haired Torquil, free as Ocean's spray, 210

The husband of the bride of Toobonai.

X.

By Neuha's side he sate, and watched the waters,—

Neuha, the sun-flower of the Island daughters,

Highborn (a birth at which the herald smiles,

Without a scutcheon for these secret isles)

Of a long race, the valiant and the free,

The naked knights of savage chivalry,

Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore,

And thine,—I've seen,—Achilles! do no more.

She, when the thunder-bearing strangers came

In vast canoes begirt with bolts of flame, 220

Topped with tall trees, which, loftier than the palm,

Seemed rooted in the deep amidst its calm;

But when the winds awaken'd, shot forth wings

| Broad as the cloud along the horizon flings,

And swayed the waves, like cities of the sea,

Making the very billows look less free;—

| She, with her paddling oar and dancing prow,

| Shot through the surf, like rein-deer through the snow,

| Swift-gliding o'er the breaker's whitening edge, 230

Light as a Nereid in her ocean sledge,

| And gazed and wondered at the giant hulk,

| Which heaved from wave to wave its trampling bulk:

| The anchor dropped, it lay along the deep,

Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,

While round it swarm'd the proas' flitting chain,

Like summer bees that hum around his mane.

XI.

The white man landed; need the rest be told?

The New World stretched its dusk hand to the Old;

Each was to each a marvel, and the tie

240

Of wonder warmed to better sympathy.

Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sires,

And kinder still their daughters' gentler fires.

Their union grew: the children of the storm
Found beauty linked with many a dusky form;
While these in turn admired the paler glow,
Which seemed so white in climes that knew no snow.
The chace, the race, the liberty to roam,
The soil where every cottage shewed a home;
The sea-spread net, the lightly-launched canoe, 250
Which stemmed the studded Archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles;
The healthy slumber, earned by sportive toils;
The palm, the loftiest Dryad of the woods,
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,
While eagles scarce build higher than the crest
Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her breast;
The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;
The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields 260
The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest;—
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
The airy joys of social solitudes,

Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
 Of those who were more happy if less wise,
 Did more than Europe's discipline had done,
 And civilized civilization's son !

270

XII.

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
 Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair :
 Both children of the isles, though distant far ;
 Both born beneath a sea-presiding star ;
 Both nourish'd amidst Nature's native scenes,
 Lov'd to the last whatever intervenes
 Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
 Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.

very true | He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue,

280

| Will love each peak that shews a kindred hue,
 | Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
 | And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.

| Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,

| Adored the Alp, and loved the Appenine,

| Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep

| Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep :

But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all

Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall ;

The infant rapture still survived the boy, 290
 And Loch-na-gar with Ida looked o'er Troy,*
 Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
 And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount.
 Forgive me, Homer's universal shade!
 Forgive me, Phœbus! that my fancy strayed;
 The North and Nature taught me to adore
 Your scenes sublime, from those beloved before.

XIII.

The love which maketh all things fond and fair,
 The youth which makes one rainbow of the air,
 The dangers past, that make even man enjoy 300
 The pause in which he ceases to destroy,
 The mutual beauty, which the sternest feel
 Strike to their hearts like lightning to the steel,

* When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was boyish enough; but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays.

United the half savage and the whole,
The maid and boy, in one absorbing soul.
No more the thundering memory of the fight
Wrapped his weaned bosom in its dark delight ; —
No more the irksome restlessness of Rest,
Disturbed him like the eagle in her nest,
Whose whetted beak and far-pervading eye) 310
Darts for a victim over all the sky ;
His heart was tamed to that voluptuous state,
At once Elysian and effeminate,
Which leaves no laurels o'er the hero's urn ;—
These wither when for aught save blood they burn ;
Yet when their ashes in their nook are laid,
Doth not the myrtle leave as sweet a shade ? —
Had Cæsar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
Rome had been free, the world had not been his.
And what have Cæsar's deeds and Cæsar's fame) 320
Done for the earth ? We feel them in our shame :
The gory sanction of his glory stains
The rust which tyrants cherish on our chains.
Though Glory, Nature, Reason, Freedom, bid
Roused millions do what single Brutus did, —
Sweep these mere mock-birds of the despot's song
From the tall bough where they have perched so long,

Still are we hawked at by such mousing owls,
And take for falcons those ignoble fowls,
When but a word of freedom would dispel 330
These bugbears, as their terrors show too well.

xv.

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
Neuha, the South Sea girl, was all a wife,
With no distracting world to call her off
From love; with no society to scoff
At the new transient flame; no babbling crowd
Of coxcombry in admiration loud,
Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
Her duty, and her glory, and her joy;
With faith and feelings naked as her form,
She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,
Changing its hues with bright variety,
But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
The cloud-compelling harbinger of Love.

XVI.

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
 They passed the Tropic's red meridian o'er ;
 Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
 Unbroken by the clock's funereal chinie,
 Which deals the daily pittance of our span, 350
 And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.
 What deemed they of the future or the past ?
 The present, like a tyrant, held them fast :
 Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
 Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide ;
 Their clock the sun, in his unbounded tower ;
 They reckoned not, whose day was but an hour ;
 The nightingale, their only vesper bell,
 Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell ;* 360
 The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
 As in the North he mellows o'er the deep,
 But fiery, full and fierce, as if he left
 The world for ever, earth of light bereft,

* The now well-known story of the loves of the nightingale and rose need not be more than alluded to, being sufficiently familiar to the Western as to the Eastern reader.

Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
 As dives a hero headlong to his grave.
 Then rose they, looking first along the skies,
 And then for light into each other's eyes,
 Wondering that summer showed so brief a sun,
 And asking if indeed the day were done ?

XVII.

And let not this seem strange ; the devotee 370
 Lives not in earth, but in his extasy ;
 Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,
 His soul is gone before his dust to heaven.
 Is love less potent ? No—his path is trod,
 Alike uplifted gloriously to God ;
 Or linked to all we know of heaven below,
 The other better self, whose joy or woe
 Is more than ours ; the all-absorbing flame
 Which, kindled by another, grows the same,
 Wrapt in one blaze ; the pure, yet funeral pile, 380
 Where gentle hearts, like Bramins, sit and smile.
 How often we forget all time, when lone,
 Admiring Nature's universal throne,
 Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
 Reply of *hers* to our intelligence !

Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
 Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
 Without a feeling in their silent tears?
 No, no;—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
 Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before 390
 Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
 Strip off this fond and false identity!—
 Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky?
 And who, though gazing lower, ever thought,
 In the young moments ere the heart is taught,
 Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his own?
 * All Nature is his realm, and Love his throne.

XVIII.

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour
 Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
 Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars, 400
 Echoed their dim light to the mustering stars.
 Slowly the pair, partaking Nature's calm,
 Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palm;
 Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;
 * Lovely as Love—the spirit! when serene.

The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell,
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell,*
As, far divided from his parent deep,
The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave 410
For the broad bosom of his nursing wave :
The woods drooped darkly, as inclined to rest,
The Tropic bird wheeled rock-ward to his nest,
And the blue sky spread round them like a lake
Of peace, where piety her thirst might slake.

XIX.

But through the palm and plantain, hark, a voice !
Not such as would have been a lover's choice,
In such an hour, to break the air so still ;
No dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,

* If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in "Gebir" the same idea better expressed in two lines.—The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the Editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it, in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of Gebir, so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity !

Striking the strings of Nature, rock and tree,

420

Those best and earliest lyres of harmony,

With echo for their chorus ; nor the alarm

Of the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm ;

— Nor the soliloquy of the hermit owl,

Exhaling all his solitary soul,

The dim though large-eyed winged anchorite,

Who peals his dreary pæan o'er the night ; —

But a loud, long, and naval whistle, shrill

As ever startled through a sea-bird's bill ;

And then a pause, and then a hoarse " Hillo !

430

Torquil ! my boy ! what cheer ? Ho, brother, ho ! "

" Who hails ? " cried Torquil, following with his eye

— The sound. " Here's one," was all the brief reply.

XX.

But here the herald of the self-same mouth

Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,

Not like a " bed of violets " on the gale,

But such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,

Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown

Its gentle odours over either zone,

And puffed where'er winds rise or waters roll,

440

Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,

Opposed its vapour as the lightning flashed,
And reeked, midst mountain-billows unabash'd,
To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
Through every change of all the varying skies.
And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher.*
Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the Tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides 450
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

* Hobbes, the father of Locke's and other philosophy, was an inveterate smoker,—even to pipes beyond computation.

XXI.

Through the approaching darkness of the wood 460
 A human figure broke the solitude,
 Fantastically, it may be, arrayed,
 A seaman in a savage masquerade ;
 Such as appears to rise out from the deep,
 When o'er the line the merry vessels sweep,
 And the rough Saturnalia of the Tar 470
 Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrowed car ;*
 And pleased the God of Ocean sees his name
 Revive once more, though but in mimic game.
 Of his true sons, who riot in a breeze
 Undreamt of in his native Cyclades.
 Still the old god delights, from out the main,
 To snatch some glimpses of his ancient reign.
 Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
 His constant pipe, which never yet burned dim,
 His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,
 Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state ;

* This rough but jovial ceremony, used in crossing the Line, has been so often and so well described, that it need not be more than alluded to.

But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
Not over tightly bound, nor nicely spread ;
And stead of trowsers (ah ! too early torn !)

480

For even the mildest woods will have their thorn)

A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat

Now served for inexpressibles and hat ;

His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,

Perchance might suit alike with either race.

His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,

Which two worlds bless for civilizing both ;

The musket swung behind his shoulders broad,

And somewhat stooped by his marine abode,

But brawny as the boar's ; and hung beneath,

490

His cutlass drooped, unconscious of a sheath,

Or lost or worn away ; his pistols were

Linked to his belt, a matrimonial pair—

(Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,

Though one missed fire, the other would go off) ;

These, with a bayonet, not so free from rust

As when the arm-chest held its brighter trust,

Completed his accoutrements, as Night

Surveyed him in his garb heteroclite.

XXII.

“What cheer, Ben Bunting?” cried (when in full view 500
 Our new acquaintance) Torquil, “Aught of new?”
 “Ey, ey,” quoth Ben, “not new, but news enow;
 A strange sail in the offing.”—“Sail! and how?
 What! could you make her out? It cannot be;
 I’ve seen no rag of canvass on the sea.”
 “Belike,” said Ben, “you might not from the bay,
 But from the bluff-head, where I watched to-day,
 I saw her in the doldrums; for the wind
 Was light and baffling.”—“When the sun declin’d
 Where lay she? had she anchored?”—“No, but still 510
 She bore down on us, till the wind grew still.”
 “Her flag?”—“I had no glass; but fore and aft,
 Egad, she seemed a wicked-looking craft.”
 “Armed?”—“I expect so;—sent on the look-out;—
 ’Tis time, belike, to put our helm about.”
 “About?—Whate’er may have us now in chace,
 We’ll make no running fight, for that were base;
 We will die at our quarters, like true men.”
 “Ey, ey; for that, ’tis all the same to Ben.”
 “Does Christian know this?”—“Aye; he has piped all hands
 To quarters. They are furbishing the stands 521

Of arms ; and we have got some guns to bear,
And scaled them. You are wanted."—"That's but fair ;
And if it were not, mine is not the soul
To leave my comrades helpless on the shoal.

My Neuha ! ah ! and must my fate pursue
Not me alone, but one so sweet and true ? —
But whatsoe'er betide, ah, Neuha ! now —
Unman me not ; the hour will not allow
A tear ; I am thine whatever intervenes !"

" Right," quoth Ben, " that will do for the marines."* 531

* "That will do for the marines, but the sailors won't believe it," is an old saying ; and one of the few fragments of former jealousies which still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

CANTO III.

I.

THE fight was o'er ; the flashing through the gloom,
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,
Had ceased ; and sulphury vapours upward driven
Had left the earth, and but polluted heaven :
The rattling roar which rung in every volley
Had left the echos to their melancholy ;
No more they shrieked their horror, boom for boom ;
The strife was done, the vanquished had their doom ;
The mutineers were crushed, dispersed, or ta'en,
Or lived to deem the happiest were the slain. 10
Few, few escaped, and these were hunted o'er
The isle they loved beyond their native shore.
No further home was their's, it seemed, on earth,
Once renegades to that which gave them birth ;
Tracked like wild beasts, like them they sought the wild,
As to a mother's bosom flies the child ;

But vainly wolves and lions seek their den,
And still more vainly, men escape from men.

II.

- Beneath a rock whose jutting base protrudes
- Far over ocean in his fiercest moods, 20
- When scaling his enormous crag, the wave
- Is hurled down headlong like the foremost brave,
- And falls back on the foaming crowd behind,
- Which fight beneath the banners of the wind,
- But now at rest, a little remnant drew
- Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint and few;
- But still their weapons in their hands, and still
- With something of the pride of former will,
- As men not all unused to meditate,
- And strive much more than wonder at their fate. 30
- Their present lot was what they had foreseen,
- And dared as what was likely to have been;
- Yet still the lingering hope, which deemed their lot
- Not pardoned, but unsought for or forgot,
- Or trusted that, if sought, their distant caves
- Might still be missed amidst the world of waves,
- Had weaned their thoughts in part from what they saw
- And felt, the vengeance of their country's law.

Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won paradise,
No more could shield their virtue or their vice : 40
Their better feelings, if such were, were thrown
Back on themselves,—their sins remained alone.
Proscribed even in their second country, they
Were lost; in vain the world before them lay;
All outlets seemed secured. Their new allies
Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice;
But what availed the club and spear and arm
Of Hercules, against the sulphury charm,
The magic of the thunder, which destroyed
The warrior ere his strength could be employed ? 50
Dug, like a spreading pestilence, the grave
No less of human bravery than the brave !*
Their own scant numbers acted all the few
Against the many oft will dare and do;
But though the choice seems native to die free,
Even Greece can boast but one Thermopylæ,
Till *now*, when she has forged her broken chain
Back to a sword, and dies and lives again !

* Archidamus, King of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the "Grave of Valour." The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of Gunpowder; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

III

Beside the jutting rock the few appeared,
Like the last remnant of the red-deer's herd ; 60
Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect worn,
But still the hunter's blood was on their horn.
A little stream came tumbling from the height,
And straggling into ocean as it might,
Its bounding chrystal frolicked in the ray,
And gushed from cleft to crag with saltless spray ;
Close on the wild, wide ocean, yet as pure
And fresh as innocence and more secure,
Its silver torrent glittered o'er the deep,
As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep, 70
While far below the vast and sullen swell
Of ocean's Alpine azure rose and fell.
To this young spring they rushed,—all feelings first
Absorbed in Passion's and in Nature's thirst,—
Drank as they do who drink their last, and threw
Their arms aside to revel in its dew ;
Cooled their scorched throats, and washed the gory stains
From wounds whose only bandage might be chains ;
Then, when their drought was quenched, looked sadly round,
As wondering how so many still were found 80

Alive and fetterless :—but silent all,
Each sought his fellow's eyes as if to call
On him for language, which his lips denied,
As though their voices with their cause had died.

IV.

Stern, and aloof a little from the rest,
Stood Christian, with his arms across his chest.
The ruddy, reckless, dauntless hue once spread
Along his cheek was livid now as lead ;
His light brown locks so graceful in their flow
Now rose like startled vipers o'er his brow. 90
Still as a statue, with his lips comprest
To stifle even the breath within his breast,
Fast by the rock, all menacing but mute,
He stood ; and save a slight beat of his foot,
Which deepened now and then the sandy dint
Beneath his heel, his form seemed turned to flint.
Some paces further Torquil leaned his head
Against a bank, and spoke not, but he bled,—
Not mortally—his worst wound was within :
His brow was pale, his blue eyes sunken in, 100
And blood-drops sprinkled o'er his yellow hair
Shewed that his faintness came not from despair,

But nature's ebb. Beside him was another,
Rough as a bear, but willing as a brother,—
Ben Bunting, who essayed to wash, and wipe,
And bind his wound—then calmly lit his pipe,
A trophy which survived an hundred fights,
A beacon which had cheered ten thousand nights.
The fourth and last of this deserted group
Walked up and down—at times would stand, then stoop 110
To pick a pebble up—then let it drop—
Then hurry as in haste—then quickly stop—
Then cast his eyes on his companions—then
Half whistle half a tune, and pause again—
And then his former movements would redouble,
With something between carelessness and trouble.
This is a long description, but applies
To scarce five minutes past before the eyes;
But yet *what* minutes! Moments like to these
Rend men's lives into immortalities. 120

V.

At length Jack Skyscrape, a mercurial man,
Who fluttered over all things like a fan,
More brave than firm, and more disposed to dare
And die at once than wrestle with despair,

Exclaimed “ G—d damn ! ” Those syllables intense,—
Nucleus of England’s native eloquence,
As the Turk’s “ Allah ! ” or the Roman’s more
Pagan “ Proh Jupiter ! ” was wont of yore
To give their first impressions such a vent,
By way of echo to embarrassment.

130
Jack was embarrassed,—never hero more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore:
Nor swore in vain ; the long congenial sound
Revived Ben Bunting from his pipe profound ;
He drew it from his mouth, and looked full wise,
But merely added to the oath, his *eyes* ;
Thus rendering the imperfect phrase complete,
A peroration I need not repeat.

VI.

But Christian, of an higher order, stood
Like an extinct volcano in his mood ; 140
Silent, and sad, and savage,—with the trace
Of passion reeking from his clouded face ;
Till lifting up again his sombre eye,
It glanced on Torquil who leaned faintly by.
“ And is it thus ? ” he cried, “ unhappy boy !
“ And thee too, *thee*—my madness must destroy.”

He said, and strode to where young Torquil stood,

Yet dabbed with his lately flowing blood ;

Seized his hand wistfully, but did not press,

And shrunk as fearful of his own caress ;

150

Enquired into his state ; and when he heard

The wound was slighter than he deemed or feared,

A moment's brightness passed along his brow,

As much as such a moment woul'd allow.

“ Yes,” he exclaimed; “ we are taken in the toil,

But not a coward or a common spoil ;

Dearly they have bought us—dearly still may buy,—

And I must fall ; but have you strength to fly ?

’Twould be some comfort still, could you survive ;

Our dwindled band is now too few to strive.

160

Oh ! for a sole canoe ! though but a shell,

To bear you hence to where a hope may dwell !

For me, my lot is what I sought ; to be,

In life or death, the fearless and the free.”

VII.

Even as he spoke, around the promontory,

Which nodded o'er the billows high and hoary,

A dark speck dotted ocean : on it flew

Like to the shadow of a roused sea-mew ;

Onward it came—and, lo! a second followed—
Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale was hollowed; 170
And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew
Presented well-known aspects to the view,
Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,
Buoyant as wings; and flitting through the spray;—
Now perching on the wave's high curl; and now
Dashed downward in the thundering foam below,
Which flings it broad and boiling, sheet on sheet,
And slings it's high flakes, shivered into sleet:
But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
The barks, like small birds through a lowering sky. 180
Their art seemed nature—such the skill to sweep
The wave, of these born playmates of the deep.

VIII.

And who the first that, springing on the strand,
Leaped like a Nereid from her shell to land,
With dark but brilliant skin, and dewy eye
Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
Neuha,—the fond, the faithful, the adored,
Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent poured;
And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer clasped,
As if to be assured 'twas *him* she grasped; 190

Shuddered to see his yet warm wound, and then,
 To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
 She was a warrior's daughter, and could bear
 Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not despair.
 Her lover lived,—nor foes nor fears could blight
 That full-blown moment in its all delight :
 Joy trickled in her tears, joy filled the sob
 That rocked her heart till almost HEARD to throb ;
 And paradise was breathing in the sigh
 Of nature's child in nature's extacy.

200

IX.

The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting
 Were not unmoved ; who are, when hearts are greeting ?
 Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy
 With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
 Mixed with those bitter thoughts the soul arrays
 In hopeless visions of our better days,
 When all's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.
 "And but for me!" he said, and turned away ;
 Then gazed upon the pair, as in his den
 A lion looks upon his cubs again ;
 And then relapsed into his sullen guise,
 As heedless of his further destinies.

210

X.

But brief their time for good or evil thought ;
The billows round the promontory brought
Theplash of hostile oars—Alas ! who made
That sound a dread ? All round them seemed arrayed
Against them, save the bride of Toobonai :
She, as she caught the first glimpse o'er the bay
Of the armed boats which hurried to complete
The remnant's ruin with their flying feet, 220
Beckoned the natives round her to their prows,
Embarked their guests, and launched their light canoes ;
In one placed Christian and his comrades twain ;
But she and Torquil must not part again.

She fixed him in her own—Away ! away !
They clear the breakers, dart along the bay,
And towards a group of islets, such as bear
The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollowed lair,
They skim the blue tops of the billows ; fast
They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers chased. 230
They gain upon them—now they lose again,—
Again make way and menace o'er the main ;
And now the two canoes in chase divide,
And follow different courses o'er the tide,

To baffle the pursuit—Away! away!
As life is on each paddle's flight to-day,
And more than life or lives to Neuha: Love
Freights the frail back and urges to the cove—
And now the refuge and the foe are nigh—
Yet, yet a moment!—Fly, thou light Ark, fly!

END OF CANTO THIRD.

CANTO IV.

I.

WHITE as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.
Her anchor parts ; but still her snowy sail
Attracts our eye amidst the rudest gale :
Though every wave she climbs divides us more,
The heart still follows from the loneliest shore.

II.

Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,
Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun :

There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
The startled echo of the ocean bird,
Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feathered fishers of the solitude.
A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand ; 20
Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell ;
Chipped by the beam, a nursling of the day,
But hatched for ocean by the fostering ray ;
The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
Gave mariners a shelter and despair ;
A spot to make the saved regret the deck
Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
To shield her lover from his following foes ; 30
But all its secret was not told ; she knew
In this a treasure hidden from the view.

III.

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
The men that manned what held her Torquil's lot,
By her command removed, to strengthen more
The skiff which wafted Christian from the shore.

This he would have opposed; but with a smile
She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,
And bade him "speed and prosper." *She* would take
The rest upon herself for Torquil's sake. *She* would take
They parted with this added aid; afar
The proa darted like a shooting star,
And gained on the pursuers, who now steered
Right on the rock which she and Torquil neared.
They pulled; her arm, though delicate, was free
And firm as ever grappled with the sea,
And yielded scarce to Torquil's manlier strength.
The prow now almost lay within its length
Of the crag's steep, inexorable face,
With nought but soundless waters for its base; *50*
Within an hundred boats' length was the foe,
And now what refuge but their frail canoe?
This Torquil asked with half upbraiding eye,
Which said—"Has Neuha brought me here to die?
Is this a place of safety, or a grave,
And yon huge rock the tombstone of the wave?"

IV.

They rested on their paddles, and uprose
Neuha, and pointing to the approaching foes,

Cried, "Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow!"

Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow.

60

There was no time to pause—the foes were near—

Chains in his eye and menace in his ear;

With vigour they pulled on, and as they came,

Hailed him to yield, and by his forfeit name.

Headlong he leapt—to him the swimmer's skill

Was native, and now all his hope from ill;

But how or where? He dived, and rose no more;

The boat's crew looked amazed o'er sea and shore.

There was no landing on that precipice,

Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice.

70

They watched awhile to see him float again,

But not a trace rebubbled from the main:

The wave rolled on, no ripple on its face,

Since their first plunge recalled a single trace;

The little whirl which eddied; and slight foam,

That whitened o'er what seemed their latest home,

White as a sepulchre above the pair

Who left no marble (mournful as an heir)

The quiet proa wavering o'er the tide

Was all that told of Torquil and his bride;

80

And but for this alone the whole might seem

The vanished phantom of a seaman's dream.

They paused and searched in vain, then pulled away,
Even superstition now forbade their stay.
Some said he had not plunged into the wave,
But vanished like a corpse-light from a grave;
Others, that something supernatural
Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall;
While all agreed, that in his cheek and eye
There was the dead hue of eternity. 90

Still as their oars receded from the crag,
Round every weed a moment would they lag,
Expectant of some token of their prey;
But no—he had melted from them like the spray.

V.

And where was he, the Pilgrim of the Deep,
Following the Nereid? Had they ceased to weep
For ever? or, received in coral caves,
Wrung life and pity from the softening waves?
Did they with Ocean's hidden sovereigns dwell,
And sound with Mermen the fantastic shell? 100
Did Neuha with the Mermaids comb her hair
Flowing o'er ocean as it streamed in air?
Or had they perished, and in silence slept
Beneath the gulph wherein they boldly leapt?

VI.

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
Followed: her track beneath her native sea
Was as a native's of the element,

So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
Which struck and flashed like an amphibious steel. 110
Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,
Pursued her liquid steps with art and ease.

Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soared—and as she spread
Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
Laughed, and the sound was answered by the rocks.
They had gained a central realm of earth again,
But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in vain. 120
Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave *

* Of this cave (which is no fiction) the original will be found in the 9th chapter of "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands." I have taken the poetical liberty to transplant it to Toobonai, the last island where any distinct account is left of Christian and his comrades.

(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
Save through the billows glassy veil of green,
In some transparent ocean holiday,
When all the finny people are at play)

Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,
And clapped her hands with joy at his surprise ;
Led him to where the rock appeared to jut
And form a something like a Triton's hut ; 130
For all was darkness for a space, till day
Through clefts above let in a sobered ray ;
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
The dusty monuments from light recoil,
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine
The vault drew half her shadow from the scene,

VII.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
A pine torch, strongly girded with gnatoo ;
A plaintain leaf o'er all, the more to keep
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep. 140
This mantle kept it dry ; then from a nook
Of the same plaintain leaf, a flint she took,
A few shrunk withered twigs, and from the blade
Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus arrayed

The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
And showed a self-born Gothic canopy ;
The arch upreared by nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect ;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurled,
When the Poles crashed and Water was the World ; 150
Or hardened from some earth-absorbing fire
While yet the globe reeked from its funeral pyre ;
The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave,*
Were there, all scooped by Darkness from her Cave.
There, with a little tinge of Phantasy,
Fantastic faces moped and mowed on high,
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
Thus Nature played with the Stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the Seas. 160

* This may seem too minute for the general outline (in Mariner's Account) from which it is taken. But few men have travelled without seeing something of the kind—on *land*, that is. Without adverting to Ellora, in Mungo Park's last journal (if my memory do not err, for there are eight years since I read the book) he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of nature.

VIII.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vault her kindled brand,
And led him into each recess, and showed
The secret places of their new abode.
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared,
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared;
The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gnatoo,
And sandal oil to fence against the dew;
For food the cocoa nut, the yam, the bread
Born of the fruit; for board the plantain spread
With its broad leaf, or turtle shell which bore
A banquet in the flesh it covered o'er;
The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill;
A pine-torch pile to keep undying light,
And she herself, as beautiful as Night,
To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,
And make their subterranean world serene.
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail
Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail,
And formed a refuge of the rocky den
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.

170

180

Each Dawn had wafted there her light canoe,
 Laden with all the golden fruits that grew ;
 Each Eve had seen her gliding through the hour
 With all could cheer or deck their sparry bower ;
 And now she spread her little store with smiles,
 The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

IX.

She, as he gazed with grateful wonder, pressed
 Her sheltered love to her impassioned breast ; 190
 And suited to her soft caresses, told
 An elden tale of Love,—for Love is old,
 Old as Eternity, but not outworn
 With each new being born or to be born :*
 How a young Chief, a thousand moons ago,
 Diving for turtle in the depths below,
 Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,
 Into the cave which round and o'er them lay ;
 How, in some desperate feud of after time
 He sheltered there a daughter of the clime, 200

* The reader will recollect the epigram of the Greek Anthology, or its translation into most of the modern languages :—

“ Whoe'er thou art, thy master see
 He was, or is, or is to be.”

A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,
Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe;
How, when the storm of war was stilled, he led
His island clan to where the waters spread
Their deep green shadow o'er the rocky door,
Then dived—it seemed as if to rise no more:
His wondering mates, amazed within their bark,
Or deemed him mad, or prey to the blue shark;
Rowed round in sorrow the sea-girded rock,
Then paused upon their paddles from the shock, 210
When, fresh and springing from the deep, they saw
A Goddess rise—so deemed they in their awe;
And their companion, glorious by her side,
Proud and exulting in his Mermaid bride;
And how, when undeceived, the pair they bore
With sounding conchs and joyous shouts to shore;
How they had gladly lived and calmly died,
And why not also Torquil and his bride?
Not mine to tell the rapturous caress
Which followed wildly in that wild recess 220
This tale; enough that all within that cave
Was Love, though buried strong as in the grave
Where Abelard, through twenty years of death,
When Eloisa's form was lowered beneath

Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretched, and prest
 The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.*
 The waves without sang round their couch, their roar
 As much unheeded as if life were o'er;
 Within, their hearts made all their harmony,
 Love's broken murmur and more broken sigh. 230

232

X.

And they, the cause and sharers of the shock
 Which left them exiles of the hollow rock,
 Where were they? O'er the sea for life they plied,
 To seek from heaven the shelter men denied.
 Another course had been their choice—but where?
 The wave which bore them still, their foes would bear,
 Who, disappointed of their former chase,
 In search of Christian now renewed their race.
 Eager with anger, their strong arms made way,
 Like vultures baffled of their previous prey. 240
 They gained upon them, all whose safety lay
 In some bleak crag or deeply hidden bay:

* The tradition is attached to the story of Eloisa, that when her body was lowered into the grave of Abelard (who had been buried twenty years) he opened his arms to receive her.

No further chance or choice remained ; and right
 For the first further rock which met their sight,
 They steered, to take their latest view of land,
 And yield as victims, or die sword in hand ;
 Dismissed the natives and their shallop, who
 Would still have battled for that scanty crew ;
 But Christian bade them seek their shore again,
 Nor add a sacrifice which were in vain ; 250
 For what were simple bow and savage spear
 Against the arms which must be wielded here ?

XI.

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
 Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been ;
 Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
 Stern and sustained, of man's extremity,
 When Hope is gone, nor Glory's self remains
 To cheer resistance against death or chains,—
 They stood, the three, as the three hundred stood
 Who dyed Thermopylæ with holy blood. 260
 But, ah ! how different ! 'tis the *cause* makes all,
 Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.
 O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,
 Blazed through the clouds of death and beckoned hence ;

No grateful country, smiling through her tears,
 Begun the praises of a thousand years ;
 No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,
 No heroes envy them their monument ;
 However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
 Their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt. 270
 And this they knew and felt, at least the one,
 The leader of the band he had undone ;
 Who, born perchance for better things, had set
 His life upon a cast which lingered yet :
 But now the die was to be thrown, and all
 The chances were in favour of his fall :
 And such a fall ! But still he faced the shock,
 Obdurate as a portion of the rock
 Whereon he stood, and fixed his levelled gun,
 Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun. 280

XII.

The boat drew nigh, well armed, and firm the crew
 To act whatever Duty bade them do ;
 Careless of danger, as the onward Wind
 Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks behind
 And yet perhaps they rather wished to go
 Against a nation's than a native foe,

And felt that this poor victim of self-will,
Briton no more, had once been Britain's still.
They hailed him to surrender—no reply ;
Their arms were poised, and glittered in the sky. 290
They hailed again—no answer ; yet once more
They offered quarter louder than before.
The echoes only, from the rock's rebound,
Took their last farewell of the dying sound.
Then flashed the flint, and blazed the volleying flame,
And the smoke rose between them and their aim,
While the rock rattled with the bullets' knell,
Which pealed in vain, and flattened as they fell ;
Then flew the only answer to be given
By those who had lost all hope in earth or heaven. 300
After the first fierce peal, as they pulled nigher,
They heard the voice of Christian shout, " Now fire !"
And ere the word upon the echo died,
Two fell ; the rest assailed the rock's rough side,
And, furious at the madness of their foes,
Disdained all further efforts, save to close.
But steep the crag, and all without a path,
Each step opposed a bastion to their wrath ;
While, placed midst clefts the least accessible,
Which Christian's eye was trained to mark full well, 310
The three maintained a strife which must not yield,
In spots where eagles might have chosen to build.

Their every shot told ; while the assailant fell,
Dashed on the shingles like the limpet shell ;
But still enough survived, and mounted still,
Scattering their numbers here and there, until
Surrounded and commanded, though not nigh
Enough for seizure, near enough to die,
The desperate trio held aloof their fate.
But by a thread, like sharks who have gorged the bait ; 320
Yet to the very last they battled well,
And not a groan informed their foes *who* fell.
Christian died last—twice wounded ; and once more
Mercy was offered when they saw his gore ;
Too late for life, but not too late to die,
With though a hostile hand to close his eye.
A limb was broken, and he drooped along
The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.
The sound revived him, or appeared to wake
Some passion which a weakly gesture spake ; 330
He beckoned to the foremost who drew nigh,
But, as they neared, he reared his weapon high—
His last ball had been aimed, but from his breast
He tore the topmost button of his vest, *

* In Thibault's account of Frederic the 2d of Prussia, there is a singular relation of a young Frenchman, who with his mistress appeared to be of

Down the tube dashed it, levelled, fired, and smiled
As his foe fell ; then, like a serpent, coiled
His wounded, weary form, to where the steep
Locked desperate as himself along the deep ;
Cast one glance back, and clenched his hand, and shook
His last rage 'gainst the earth which he forsook ; 340
Then plunged : the rock below received like glass
His body crushed into one gory mass,
With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm ;
A fair-haired scalp, besmeared with blood and weeds,
Yet reeked, the remnant of himself and deeds ;
Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
As long as hand could hold, he held them fast)
Yet glittered, but at distance—hurled away
To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray. 350

some rank. He enlisted and deserted at Schweidnitz; and after a desperate resistance was retaken, having killed an officer, who attempted to seize him after he was wounded, by the discharge of his musket loaded with a *button* of his uniform. Some circumstances on his Court-Martial raised a great interest amongst his Judges, who wished to discover his real situation in life, which he offered to disclose, but to the *King* only, to whom he requested permission to write. This was refused, and Frederic was filled with the greatest indignation, from baffled curiosity or some other motive, when he understood that his request had been denied.—See Thibault's Work, vol. 2d.—(I quote from memory).

The rest was nothing—save a life mis-spent,
 And soul—but who shall answer where it went?
 'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead; and they
 Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,
 Unless these bullies of eternal pains
 Are pardoned their bad hearts for their worse brains.

XVI.

The deed was over! All were gone or ta'en,
 The fugitive, the captive, or the slain.
 Chained on the deck, where once, a gallant crew,
 They stood with honour, were the wretched few
 Survivors of the skirmish on the isle; 360
 But the last rock left no surviving spoil.
 Cold lay they where they fell, and weltering,
 While o'er them flapped the sea-birds dewy wing,
 Now wheeling nearer from the neighbouring surge,
 And screaming high their harsh and hungry dirge:
 — But calm and careless heaved the wave below,
 Eternal with unsympathetic flow;
 Far o'er its face the dolphins sported on,
 And sprung the flying fish against the sun,
 Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief height, 370
 To gather moisture for another flight.

XVII.

'Twas morn ; and Neuha, who by dawn of day
Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising ray,
And watch if aught approach'd the amphibious lair
Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air :
It flapped, it filled, and to the growing gale
Bent its broad arch : her breath began to fail
With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and high,
While yet a doubt sprung where its course might lie : 380
But no ! it came not ; fast and far away
The shadow lessened as it cleared the bay.
She gazed and flung the sea-foam from her eyes
To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.
On the horizon verged the distant deck,
Diminished, dwindled to a very speck—
Then vanished. All was ocean, all was joy !
Down plunged she through the cave to rouse her boy ;
Told all she had seen, and all she hoped, and all
That happy Love could augur or recal ; 390
Sprung forth again, with Torquil following free
His bounding Nereid over the broad sea ;
Swam round the rock, to where a shallow cleft
Hid the canoe that Neuha there had left

Drifting along the tide, without an oar, ~~without a boat or tent or~~
 That eve the strangers chaced them from the shore, ~~so~~ oT
 But when these vanished, she pursued her prow, ~~as~~ ~~right~~ A
 Regained, and urged to where they found it now: ~~it~~ ~~right~~ A
 Nor ever did more Love and Joy embark,
 Than now was wafted in that slender ark.

400

XVIII.

Again their own shore rises on the view,
 No more polluted with a hostile hue ;
 No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
 A floating dungeon :—all was Hope and Home !
 A thousand proas darted o'er the bay,
 With sounding shells, and heralded their way ;
 The Chiefs came down, around the People poured,
 And welcom'd Torquil as a son restored ;
 The women thronged, embracing and embraced
 By Neuha, asking where they had been chaced,
 And how escaped ? The tale was told ; and then
 One acclamation rent the sky again ;
 And from that hour a new tradition gave
 Their sanctuary the name of “ Neuha's Cave.”
 An hundred fires, far flickering from the height,
 Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,

410

The feast in honour of the guest, returned
To Peace and Pleasure, perilously earned ;
A night succeeded by such happy days
As only the yet infant world displays. 420

THE END OF THE POEM.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACT FROM THE VOYAGE BY CAPTAIN BLIGH.

ON the 27th of December it blew a severe storm of wind from the eastward, in the course of which we suffered greatly. One sea broke away the spare yards and spars out of the starboard mainchains; another broke into the ship and stove all the boats. Several casks of beer that had been lashed on deck broke loose, and were washed overboard; and it was not without great risk and difficulty that we were able to secure the boats from being washed away entirely. A great quantity of our bread was also damaged and rendered useless, for the sea had stove in our stern, and filled the cabin with water.

On the 5th of January, 1788, we saw the island of Teneriffe about twelve leagues distant, and next day, being Sunday, came to an anchor in the road of Santa Cruz. There we took in the necessary supplies, and, having finished our business, sailed on the 10th.

I now divided the people into three watches, and gave the charge of the third watch to Mr. Fletcher Christian, one of the mates. I have always considered this a desirable regulation when circumstances will admit of it, and I am persuaded that unbroken rest not only contributes much towards the health of the ship's company, but enables them more readily to exert themselves in cases of sudden emergency.

As I wished to proceed to Otaheite without stopping, I reduced the allowance of bread to two-thirds, and caused the water for

drinking to be filtered through drip-stones, bought at Teneriffe for that purpose. I now acquainted the ship's company of the object of the voyage, and gave assurances of certain promotion to every one whose endeavours should merit it.

On Tuesday the 26th of February, being in South latitude $29^{\circ} 38'$, and $44^{\circ} 44'$ West longitude, we bent new sails, and made other necessary preparations for encountering the weather that was to be expected in a high latitude. Our distance from the coast of Brazil was about 100 leagues.

On the forenoon of Sunday the 2nd of March, after seeing that every person was clean, divine service was performed, according to my usual custom on this day. I gave to Mr. Fletcher Christian, whom I had before directed to take charge of the third watch, a written order to act as lieutenant.

The change of temperature soon began to be sensibly felt; and, that the people might not suffer from their own negligence, I supplied them with thicker clothing, as better suited to the climate. A great number of whales of an immense size, with two spout-holes on the back of the head, were seen on the 11th.

On a complaint made to me by the Master, I found it necessary to punish Matthew Quintal, one of the seamen, with two dozen of lashes, for insolence and mutinous behaviour, which was the first time that there was any occasion for punishment on board.

We were off Cape St. Diego, the Eastern part of the Terra de Fuego, and, the wind being unfavourable, I thought it more advisable to go round to the eastward of Staten-land than to attempt passing through Straits le Maire. We passed New Year's Harbour and Cape St. John, and on Monday the 31st were in latitude $60^{\circ} 1'$ south. But the wind became variable, and we had bad weather.

Storms, attended with a great sea, prevailed until the 12th of April. The ship began to leak; and required pumping every hour, which was no more than we had reason to expect from such a

continuance of gales of wind and high seas. The decks also became so leaky that it was necessary to allot the great cabin, of which I made little use except in fine weather, to those people who had not births to hang their hammocks in, and by this means the space between decks was less crowded.

With all this bad weather, we had the additional mortification to find, at the end of every day, that we were losing ground; for, notwithstanding our utmost exertions, and keeping on the most advantageous tacks, we did little better than drift before the wind. On Tuesday the 22nd of April, we had eight down on the sick list, and the rest of the people, though in good health, were greatly fatigued; but I saw, with much concern, that it was impossible to make a passage this way to the Society Islands, for we had now been thirty days in a tempestuous ocean. Thus the season was too far advanced for us to expect better weather to enable us to double Cape Horn; and, from these and other considerations, I ordered the helm to be put a-weather, and bore away for the Cape of Good Hope, to the great joy of every one on board.

We came to an anchor on Friday the 23rd of May, in Simon's Bay, at the Cape, after a tolerable run. The ship required complete caulking, for she had become so leaky, that we were obliged to pump hourly in our passage from Cape Horn. The sails and rigging also required repair, and, on examining the provisions, a considerable quantity was found damaged.

Having remained thirty-eight days at this place, and my people having received all the advantage that could be derived from refreshments of every kind that could be met with, we sailed on the 1st of July.

A gale of wind blew on the 20th, with a high sea; it increased after noon with such violence, that the ship was driven almost forecastle under before we could get the sails clewed up. The lower yards were lowered, and the top-gallant-mast got down upon deck, which relieved her much. We lay to all night, and

in the morning bore away under a reefed foresail. The sea still running high, in the afternoon it became very unsafe to stand on; we therefore lay to all night, without any accident, excepting that a man at the steerage was thrown over the wheel and much bruised. Towards noon the violence of the storm abated, and we again bore away under the reefed foresail.

In a few days we passed the Island of St. Paul, where there is good fresh water, as I was informed by a Dutch captain, and also a hot spring, which boils fish as completely as if done by a fire. Approaching to Van Dieman's land, we had much bad weather, with snow and hail, but nothing was seen to indicate our vicinity, on the 13th of August, except a seal, which appeared at the distance of twenty leagues from it. We anchored in Adventure Bay on Wednesday the 20th.

In our passage hither from the Cape of Good Hope, the winds were chiefly from the westward; with very boisterous weather. The approach of strong southerly winds is announced by many birds of the albatross or peterel tribe; and the abatement of the gale, or a shift of wind to the northward, by their keeping away. The thermometer also varies five or six degrees in its height, when a change of these winds may be expected.

In the land surrounding Adventure Bay are many forest trees one hundred and fifty feet high; we saw one which measured above thirty-three feet in girth. We observed several eagles, some beautiful blue-plumaged herons, and parroquets in great variety.

The natives not appearing, we went in search of them towards Cape Frederic Henry. Soon after, coming to a grapnel close to the shore, for it was impossible to land, we heard their voices, like the cackling of geese, and twenty persons came out of the woods. We threw trinkets ashore tied up in parcels, which they would not open out until I made an appearance of leaving them; they then did so, and, taking the articles out, put them on their

heads. On first coming in sight, they made a prodigious clattering in their speech, and held their arms over their heads. They spoke so quick, that it was impossible to catch one single word they uttered. Their colour is of a dull black; their skin scarified about the breast and shoulders. One was distinguished by his body being coloured with red ochre, but all the others were painted black, with a kind of soot, so thickly laid over their faces and shoulders, that it was difficult to ascertain what they were like.

On Thursday, the 4th of September, we sailed out of Adventure Bay, steering first towards the east-south-east, and then to the northward of east, when, on the 19th, we came in sight of a cluster of small rocky islands, which I named Bounty Isles. Soon afterwards we frequently observed the sea, in the night-time, to be covered by luminous spots, caused by amazing quantities of small blubbers, or medusæ, which emit a light, like the blaze of a candle, from the strings or filaments extending from them, while the rest of the body continues perfectly dark.

We discovered the island of Otaheite on the 25th, and, before casting anchor next morning in Matavai Bay, such numbers of canoes had come off, that, after the natives ascertained we were friends, they came on board, and crowded the deck so much, that in ten minutes I could scarce find my own people. The whole distance which the ship had run, in direct and contrary courses, from the time of leaving England until reaching Otaheite, was twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles, which, on an average, was one hundred and eight miles each twenty-four hours.

Here we lost our surgeon on the 9th of December. Of late he had scarcely ever stirred out of the cabin, though not apprehended to be in a dangerous state. Nevertheless, appearing worse than usual in the evening; he was removed where he could obtain more air, but without any benefit, for he died in an hour afterwards. This unfortunate man drank very hard, and was so averse to exercise, that he would never be prevailed on to take half a dozen

turns on deck at a time, during all the course of the voyage. He was buried on shore.

On Monday the 5th of January, the small cutter was missed, of which I was immediately apprised. The ship's company being mustered, we found three men absent, who had carried it off. They had taken with them eight stand of arms and ammunition; but with regard to their plan, every one on board seemed to be quite ignorant. I therefore went on shore, and engaged all the chiefs to assist in recovering both the boat and the deserters. Accordingly, the former was brought back in the course of the day, by five of the natives; but the men were not taken until nearly three weeks afterwards. Learning the place where they were, in a different quarter of the island of Otaheite, I went thither in the cutter, thinking there would be no great difficulty in securing them with the assistance of the natives. However, they heard of my arrival; and when I was near a house in which they were, they came out wanting their fire-arms, and delivered themselves up. Some of the chiefs had formerly seized and bound these deserters; but had been prevailed on, by fair promises of returning peaceably to the ship, to release them. But finding an opportunity again to get possession of their arms, they set the natives at defiance.

The object of the voyage being now completed, all the bread-fruit plants, to the number of one thousand and fifteen, were got on board on Tuesday the 31st of March. Besides these, we had collected many other plants, some of them bearing the finest fruits in the world; and valuable, from affording brilliant dyes, and for various properties besides. At sunset of the 4th of April, we made sail from Otaheite, bidding farewell to an island where for twenty-three weeks we had been treated with the utmost affection and regard, and which seemed to increase in proportion to our stay. That we were not insensible to their kindness, the succeeding circumstances sufficiently proved; for to the friendly and endearing

behaviour of these people may be ascribed the motives inciting an event that effected the ruin of our expedition, which there was every reason to believe would have been attended with the most favourable issue.

Next morning we got sight of the island Huaheine; and a double canoe soon coming alongside, containing ten natives, I saw among them a young man who recollects me, and called me by my name. I had been here in the year 1780, with Captain Cook, in the Resolution. A few days after sailing from this island, the weather became squally, and a thick body of black clouds collected in the east. A water-spout was in a short time seen at no great distance from us, which appeared to great advantage from the darkness of the clouds behind it. As nearly as I could judge, the upper part was about two feet in diameter, and the lower about eight inches. Scarcely had I made these remarks, when I observed that it was rapidly advancing towards the ship. We immediately altered our course, and took in all the sails except the foresail; soon after which it passed within ten yards of the stern, with a rustling noise, but without our feeling the least effect from it being so near. It seemed to be travelling at the rate of about ten miles an hour, in the direction of the wind, and it dispersed in a quarter of an hour after passing us. It is impossible to say what injury we should have received, had it passed directly over us. Masts, I imagine, might have been carried away, but I do not apprehend that it would have endangered the loss of the ship.

Passing several islands on the way, we anchored at Annamooka, on the 23d of April; and an old lame man called Tepa, whom I had known here in 1777, and immediately recollects, came on board, along with others, from different islands in the vicinity. They were desirous to see the ship, and on being taken below, where the bread-fruit plants were arranged, they testified great surprise. A few of these being decayed, we went on shore to procure some in their place.

The natives exhibited numerous marks of the peculiar mourning which they express on losing their relatives; such as bloody temples, their heads being deprived of most of the hair, and what was worse, almost the whole of them had lost some of their fingers. Several fine boys, not above six years old, had lost both their little fingers; and several of the men, besides these, had parted with the middle finger of the right hand.

The chiefs went off with me to dinner, and we carried on a brisk trade for yams; we also got plantains and bread fruit. But the yams were in great abundance, and very fine and large. One of them weighed above forty-five pounds. Sailing canoes came, some of which contained not less than ninety passengers. Such a number of them gradually arrived from different islands, that it was impossible to get any thing done, the multitude became so great, and there was no chief of sufficient authority to command the whole. I therefore ordered a watering party, then employed, to come on board, and sailed on Sunday the 26th of April.

We kept near the island of Kotoo all the afternoon of Monday, in hopes that some canoes would come off to the ship, but in this we were disappointed. The wind being northerly, we steered to the westward in the evening, to pass south of Tofoa; and I gave directions for this course to be continued during the night. The master had the first watch, the gunner the middle watch, and Mr. Christian the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night.

Hitherto the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and had been attended with circumstances equally pleasing and satisfactory. But a very different scene was now to be disclosed; a conspiracy had been formed, which was to render all our past labour productive only of misery and distress; and it had been concerted with so much secrecy and circumspection, that no one circumstance escaped to betray the impending calamity.

On the night of Monday, the watch was set as I have de-

scribed. Just before sunrise, on Tuesday morning, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, with the master at arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back; threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I nevertheless called out as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but the officers not of their party were already secured by sentinels at their doors. At my own cabin door were three men, besides the four within; all except Christian had muskets and bayonets; he had only a cutlass. I was dragged out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain in the mean time from the tightness with which my hands were tied. On demanding the reason of such violence, the only answer was abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, surgeon, master's mate, and Nelson the gardener, were kept confined below, and the fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, were allowed to come on deck, where they saw me standing abaft the mizen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head. The boatswain was then ordered to hoist out the launch, accompanied by a threat, if he did not do it instantly, **TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.**

The boat being hoisted out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, the clerk, were ordered into it. I demanded the intention of giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect; for the constant answer was, "Hold your tongue, Sir, or you are dead this moment."

The master had by this time sent, requesting that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to his cabin. My exertions to turn the tide of affairs were continued; when Christian, changing the cutlass he held for a bayonet, and holding me by the cord about my hands with a strong gripe, threatened me with immediate death if I would not

be quiet; and the villains around me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed.

Certain individuals were called on to get into the boat, and were hurried over the ship's side; whence I concluded, that along with them I was to be set adrift. Another effort to bring about a change produced nothing but menaces of having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and those seamen who were to be put into the boat, were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty gallon cask of water; and Mr. Samuel got 150 pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine; also a quadrant and compass; but he was prohibited, on pain of death, to touch any map or astronomical book, and any instrument, or any of my surveys and drawings.

The mutineers having thus forced those of the seamen whom they wished to get rid of into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his crew. I then unhappily saw that nothing could be done to recover the ship. The officers were next called on deck, and forced over the ship's side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one abaft the mizen-mast. Christian, armed with a bayonet, held the cord fastening my hands, and the guard around me stood with their pieces cocked; but on my daring the ungrateful wretches to fire, they uncocked them. Isaac Martin, one of them, I saw had an inclination to assist me; and as he fed me with shaddock, my lips being quite parched, we explained each other's sentiments by looks. But this was observed, and he was removed. He then got into the boat, attempting to leave the ship; however, he was compelled to return. Some others were also kept contrary to their inclination.

It appeared to me, that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates. At length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the

boat. He was permitted, though not without opposition, to take his tool chest.

Mr. Samuel secured my journals and commission, with some important ship papers; this he did with great resolution, though strictly watched. He attempted to save the time-keeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks, for fifteen years past, which were very numerous, when he was hurried away with—"Damn your eyes, you are well off to get what you have."

Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the transaction of this whole affair. Some swore, "I'll be damned if he does not find his way home, if he gets any thing with him," meaning me; and when the carpenter's chest was carrying away, "Damn my eyes, he will have a vessel built in a month;" while others ridiculed the helpless situation of the boat, which was very deep in the water, and had so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

I asked for arms, but the mutineers laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat, after we were veered astern.

The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian, who then said, "Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death;" and without further ceremony, I was forced over the side by a tribe of armed ruffians, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, also the four cutlasses. The armourer and carpenter then called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, and having undergone much ridicule, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

Eighteen persons were with me in the boat,—the master, acting surgeon, botanist, gunner, boatswain, carpenter, master, and quarter-master's mate, two quarter-masters, the sail-maker, two cooks, my clerk, the butcher, and a boy. There remained on board, Fletcher Christian, the master's mate; Peter Haywood, Edward Young, George Stewart, midshipmen; the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, boatswain's mate, gardener, armourer, carpenter's mate, carpenter's crew, and fourteen seamen, being altogether the most able men of the ship's company.

Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards the island of Tofoa, which bore north-east about ten leagues distant. The ship while in sight steered west-north-west, but this I considered only as a feint, for when we were sent away, "Huzza for Otaheite!" was frequently heard among the mutineers.

Christian, the chief of them, was of a respectable family in the north of England. This was the third voyage he had made with me. Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some remorse in him. While they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him whether this was a proper return for the many instances he had experienced of my friendship? He appeared disturbed at the question, and answered with much emotion, "That—Captain Bligh—that is the thing—I am in hell—I am in hell." His abilities to take charge of the third watch, as I had so divided the ship's company, were fully equal to the task.

Haywood was also of a respectable family in the north of England, and a young man of abilities, as well as Christian. These two had been objects of my particular regard and attention, and I had taken great pains to instruct them, having entertained hopes that, as professional men, they would have become a credit to their country. Young was well recommended; and Stewart of creditable parents in the Orkneys, at which place, on the return of the Resolution from the South Seas in 1780, we received so many civilities, that in consideration of these alone I should gladly

have taken him with me. But he had always borne a good character.

When I had time to reflect, an inward satisfaction prevented the depression of my spirits. Yet, a few hours before, my situation had been peculiarly flattering; I had a ship in the most perfect order, stored with every necessary, both for health and service; the object of the voyage was attained, and two-thirds of it now completed. The remaining part had every prospect of success.

It will naturally be asked, what could be the cause of such a revolt? In answer, I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hope of a happier life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; which, joined to some female connections, most probably occasioned the whole transaction.

The women of Otaheite are handsome, mild, and cheerful in manners and conversation; possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them be admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these, and many other concomitant circumstances, it ought hardly to be the subject of surprise that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away, where they had the power of fixing themselves in the midst of plenty, in one of the finest islands in the world, where there was no necessity to labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond any conception that can be formed of it. The utmost, however, that a Commander could have expected, was desertions, such as have already happened more or less in the South Seas, and not an act of open mutiny.

But the secrecy of this mutiny surpasses belief. Thirteen of the party who were now with me had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Stewart, Haywood, and Young, had ever observed any circum-

stance to excite suspicion of what was plotting; and it is not wonderful if I fell a sacrifice to it, my mind being entirely free from suspicion. Perhaps, had marines been on board, a sentinel at my cabin-door might have prevented it; for I constantly slept with the door open, that the officer of the watch might have access to me on all occasions. If the mutiny had been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of discontent, which would have put me on my guard; but it was far otherwise. With Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms; that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the preceding night he excused himself from supping with me on pretence of indisposition, for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his honour or integrity.

THE END.

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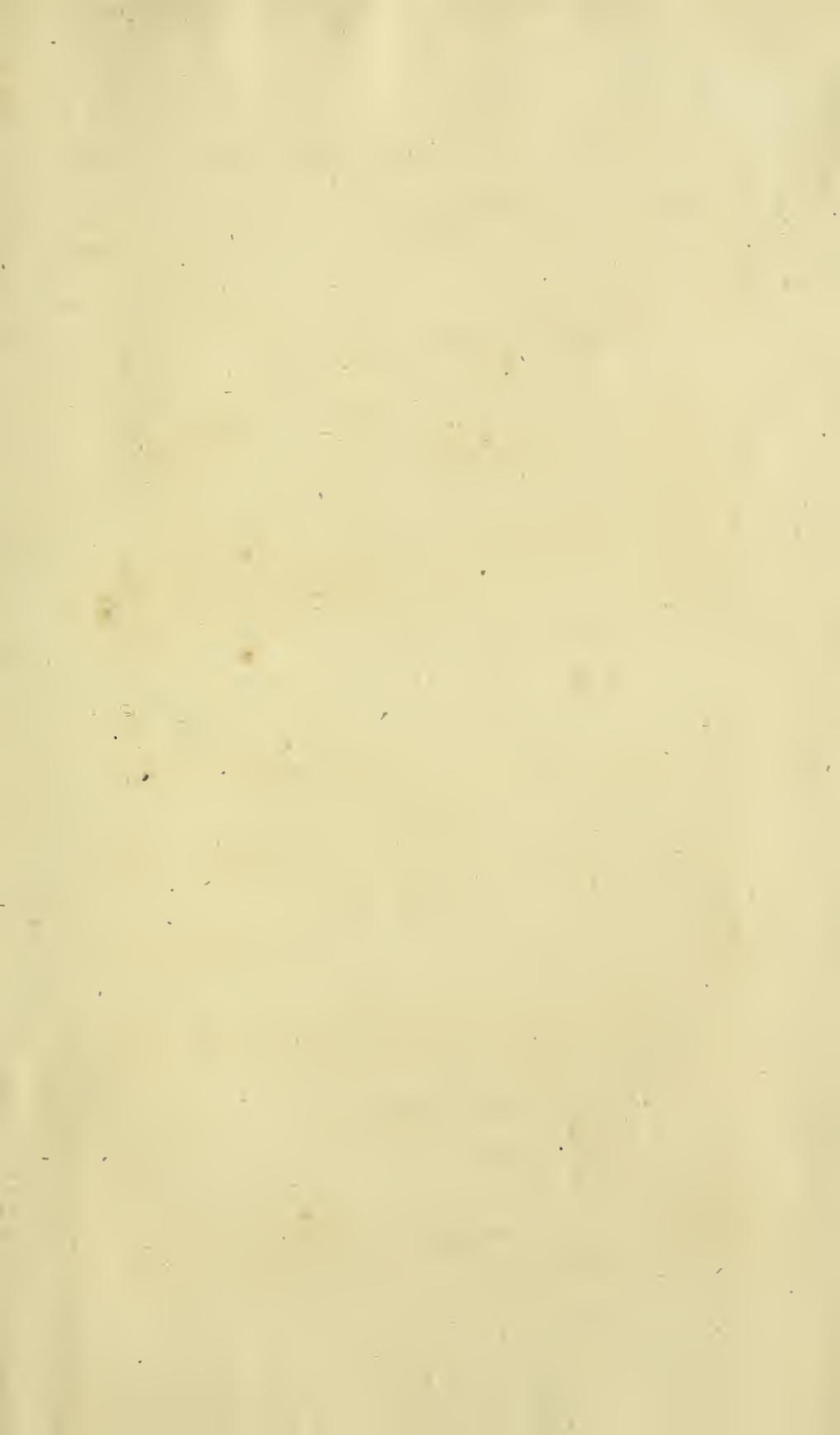
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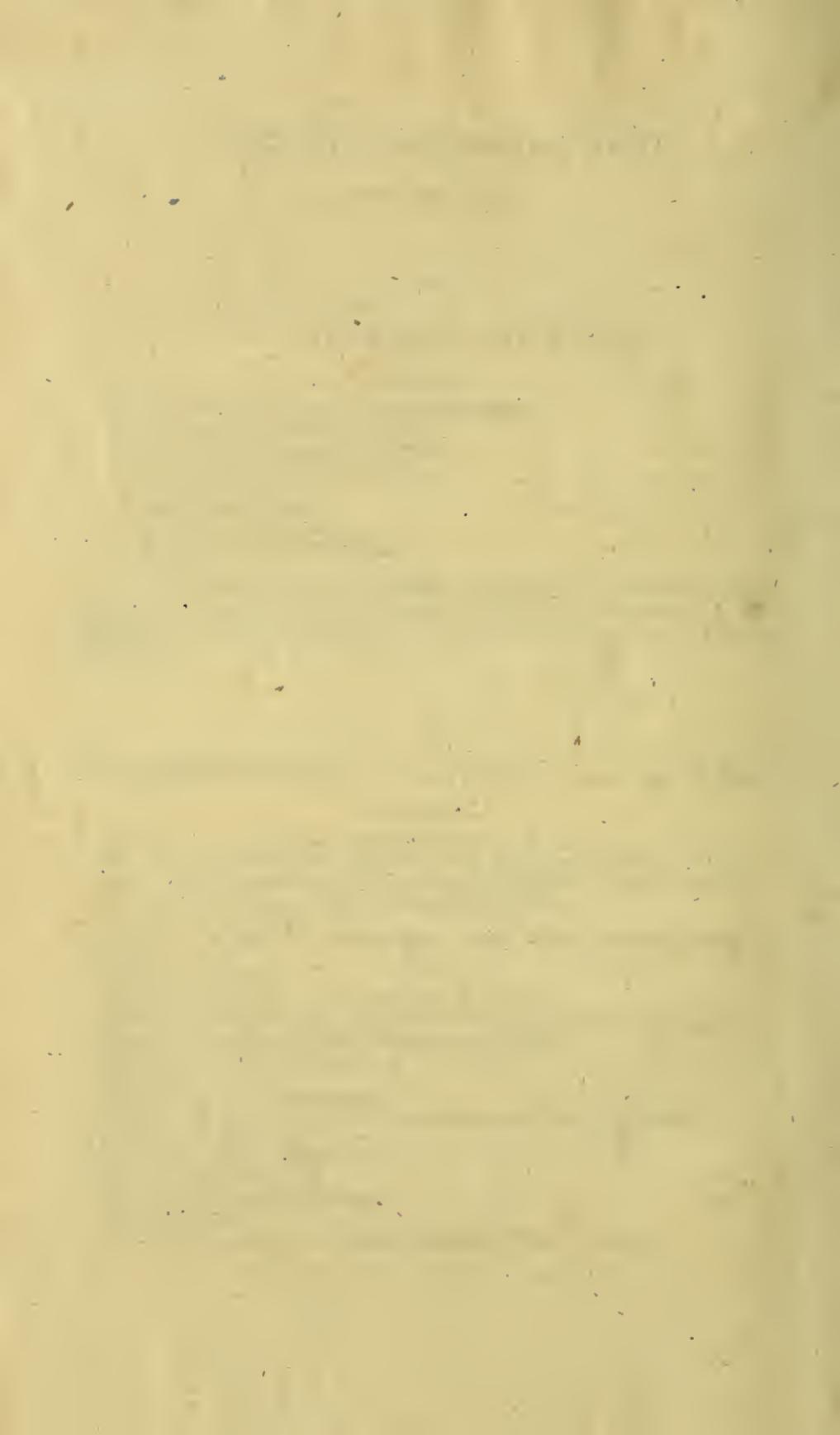
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